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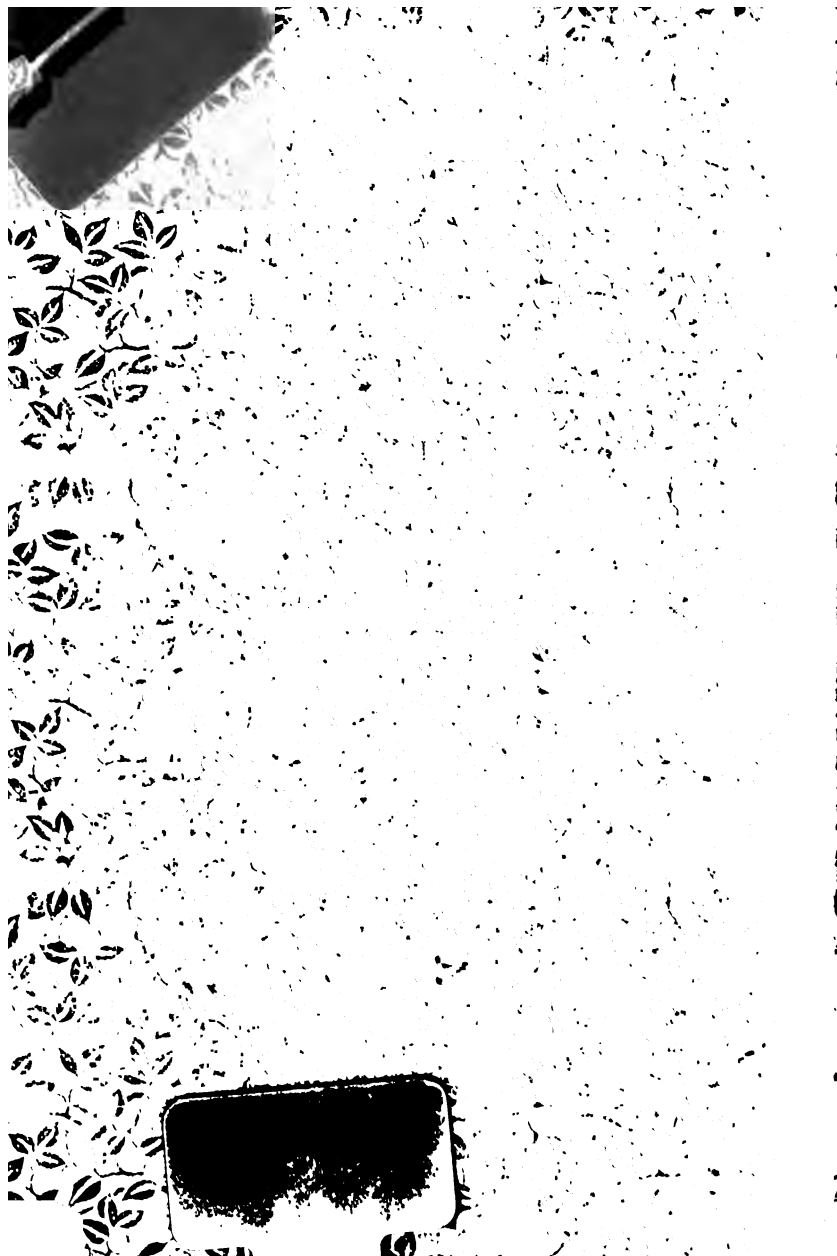
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JOYFUL SERVICE.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

EMILY STREATHFIELD.

A circular library stamp from Bodleiana, Oxford. The text "BODLEIANA" is curved along the bottom inner edge. The date "DEC 1882" is stamped in the center. The word "STREATHFIELD" is partially obscured by the stamp and appears to be part of the original text or a handwritten note.

BY HER SISTER.

"For all Thy saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah!"

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JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
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Consecration Hymn.

"TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart ; it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS."—Ps. c. 2.

TO

THE SIX BROTHERS,

WHOSE LOVE SHED SO MUCH SUNSHINE

UPON

MY DEAR SISTER'S EARTHLY PATH,

THESE PAGES ARE

Dedicated.

PREFACE.



THIS little Memoir, published at the request of friends who have read it in MS., is sent forth with the earnest prayer that God may be glorified by this simple record of one, "who laboured much in the Lord."

My desire throughout these pages has been to assign the first place to the Master, the second to the work, and the last to the worker. To few perhaps has it been given, as it was to the subject of this sketch, to be at the same time, the active worker, the brave sufferer, and the bright sunbeam.

No one is more aware than myself how imperfectly this record reveals my beloved sister's life, character, and work. It has been written in the spare moments of a busy life, amidst many interruptions, and often with a very weary brain. But it has been to me a sacred pleasure to collect and arrange these fragments, as a faint tribute to her dear memory; and if to any who knew her, they recall something of the bright testimony, through

much suffering, which she ever bore to her Master, I shall be satisfied.

An apology is needed for having unavoidably introduced so much of the first person into the following pages; the fact is, however, that my sister's life and my own were so intertwined—so closely bound together, our interests and sympathies one, our work the same—that it has been impossible to write of one, without more or less mention of the other.

My grateful thanks are due to our kind friend Dr. Mercer Adam, and to my brother, the Rev. C. W. Streatfeild, for their kind and careful revision of the work, which has been a great help to me in its publication.

My prayer is, that He who was and is my dear sister's Strength and Joy, may accept and bless this offering of love. May some be led, by her example, to a fuller consecration of life, using all their gifts and powers in His "joyful service!"

Thus "she, being dead, will yet speak."

HENRIETTA S. STREATFEILD.

HOLY TRINITY VICARAGE, LOUTH,
LINCOLNSHIRE, Oct. 1, 1882.

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JOYFUL SERVICE.



CHAPTER I.

1846 TO 1866.

Childhood—Home Life—Sudden Death of Father—School Life—
Letters on Confirmation—Worldly Amusements—Conversion
—Dancing given up—Work among the Poor—Letter.

It has been well said that "there are some in every age, whose blessed office it seems to be, rather to impart tone and colouring to the circle in which they move, than to influence the historical facts of their time. They are to society, what sunshine is to a landscape, or expression to the human face. Remove them in thought from the scene in which they play their part, and the facts are observed to survive unaltered; but that nameless grace which beautifies existence,—that secret charm which imparts to the daily intercourse, its brightness, its sunshine,—has fled."

The subject of the following sketch aptly illustrates the truth of these words;—she was pre-eminently sunshine, the brightest element in the home circle, that home in which she so especially shone. It is with the desire to show in her life and character how marvellously God's grace was magnified, that the following record has been written.

"Jane Emily" was the younger daughter of the Rev. William Streatfeild, M.A. (for more than thirty years Vicar of East Ham, in the county of Essex), by his second wife "Jane Emma," youngest daughter of J. Pascal Larkins, Esq., of the East India Service. On her father's side, she was the grand-daughter of Henry Streatfeild, Esq., of Chiddingstone, in the county of Kent. She was born at East Ham Vicarage, on the 22d of January 1846, coming upon the cold wintry scene like the sunbeam she ever was through life. There is nothing especial to record of her infancy and childhood, except that she had a severe illness, when sixteen months old, while on a visit with her parents to Greenham Lodge in Berkshire. For some days she caused them much anxiety, and her father, who returned to his parish for his Sunday duty, writes thus to his wife:—"I cannot express to you my concern and anxiety about

that sweet precious babe, who has lately entwined herself about my heart! I scarcely knew before how dearly I loved her; and I greatly fear that my poor frail mind will not be so tranquil and composed, so resting on the will of an all-wise, all-gracious Father, as it ought to be, between this time and Monday afternoon. Let to-morrow night, *half-past ten*, be a season of joint prayer with us, dear Janey, for our little Emily, the elder one, and all whom we love."

The life thus prayed for was graciously restored, and the babe was given back, to be a blessing to many, for more than thirty years!

The stories connected with her childhood show her to have had a strong and determined will, a quick temper, with a high spirit and a keen sense of fun and mischief. Her strong self-will often caused our dear mother much anxiety; but with gentle firmness she set herself to give that will a right bias, and with how happy a result, these pages, it is hoped, will show.

Emily's nature was essentially bright and joyous; "a merry, laughing, sprightly child," her father called her. Hers was a nature which expanded in the happy atmosphere of home; and perhaps few children have ever had a brighter, happier

home-life, than Emily and her brothers and sister. The children of many prayers, we were watched over from birth with tenderness and love, finding in both parents, friends and counsellors, ever ready to enter into each childish joy or grief.

When about six years old Emily was admitted to the schoolroom, and she proved to be a quick and apt scholar, although not fond of study, except of arithmetic, which was her delight. She was by no means what would be called "a good child," nor did she in early life give promise of the strong sense of duty, or of the earnest purpose and energy which characterised her in after years. Her father, in an acrostic written on her seventh birthday, well describes her at this time—

"E ver active, never staying,
Merry as a lambkin playing,
I s my little daughter 'Em ;'
L ong may she, dear girl, enjoy
Y ears of bliss without alloy !

"EAST HAM VICARAGE, Jan. 22, 1853."

At the age of nine and a half Emily joined me at school at Barnet, where she spent the next four years. At the end of that time the school was given up ; and Emily, after spending a few months with a

lady at St. John's Wood, went, in August 1860, to a school in Brighton, strongly recommended by our father's old and valued friend, the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott.

But meanwhile a great sorrow had come upon us all, in the sudden death of our beloved father, who was called to his rest, while preaching to his people, on the 27th of May 1860. We thus lost the best and most loving of fathers, and Emily, at the age of fourteen, was deprived of his wise guardianship and loving counsel. She came home at once from St. John's Wood; but though she seemed influenced by the solemn event, no permanent religious impression was made on her mind at this time.

Emily's life at Brighton was a very happy one; her sunny brightness, her ready wit and genial nature made her a favourite with teachers and pupils. All this, however, was only her natural temperament, for during most of the two years she remained at Brighton, her heart was apparently uninfluenced by Divine grace: certainly the love of God was not at this time the ruling motive of her life. In after years she used to say that she had not been thoroughly conscientious as a young girl.

On the 15th of May 1862 she was confirmed by the Bishop of Chichester, having been prepared for this holy rite by the Rev. H. V. Elliott, whose influence over her was most beneficial. This time of preparation, and the classes she attended, impressed her greatly, and made her anxious, at least for the time, to live a new life. To this state of mind the following letters, written at this period, testify—

“45 SUSSEX SQUARE, BRIGHTON,
“April 30, 1862.

“MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—Many thanks for your nice letter. Please don't read out my letter, or let any of the boys see it. I want it to be only for *you*. Our last lecture was upon theatres and operas, of which Mr. Elliott disapproves. We have now had in the lectures nearly all our vow of renunciation, which seems to include much more than I should have thought at first. I like the little book you sent me very much. I have read it through, and I read particular passages every night, and, when I have time, in the *morning*. I also use the prayer which is in the book. Anne-Esther lent me a little book, which her aunt, Mrs. Hare, had given her. It is

very nice, and I think some parts suit me even better than the one you sent me. It treats more of what I feel myself to be. I should much like to talk with you : I think you would help me. I feel how infinitely preferable it must be to serve God than the world ; for as we have had so fully explained in one of our lectures,* all the best things that the world can offer are vanity and only transitory. But it is *very, very* difficult to become one of God's children, and I am *so* wicked (much more than you have ever thought me to be, I am sure), that my evil heart goes against me whenever I make any attempt ; and when I feel a little more earnest, the affairs and jokes and incidents of the day take away the little impression that I had. The temptations in school-life are *endless*. When the girls begin to talk lightly on serious subjects, or to make fun of some good person, or governess, or *anything* of the sort, I am sure to join in directly ; and sometimes think nothing of it till afterwards, when I remember

* Emily wrote out these lectures, which are admirably written and expressed. Mr. Elliott told her he "liked them very much." To the end of her life she had a great love and respect for Mr. Elliott, whose portrait always hung in her room.

all the resolutions I made to myself so short a time before, and how I have failed in keeping them. Miss T., in speaking to Annie and me, said that we must not despair because we found it so difficult, for that every one has found it quite as hard. I suppose it is because I am *so* wicked that it is the harder for me; but yet Christ has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out,'—and this is some little encouragement, for I *think* I have tried *earnestly* to go to Him, but *as yet* I am afraid I am still a cast-out; but again Christ said, 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you,' so perhaps it is to test whether I am in earnest in my endeavours that I have not been answered directly, and I do really *hope* I am in earnest: I trust it will not pass away as a mere passing impression. Then again, just fancy how delightful to meet dear papa and you in Heaven; and on the other hand, how fearful to be separated from you for ever! Oh, dear mamma, if you knew how deeply I felt! I hope this will not end in good desires, but that He who has put into my mind good desires, will bring the same to good effect. I hope you will write again to me on the same subject, and if you do, *do give* me some encouragement in what I have here spoken about."

The last part of this letter has been lost. On the day of her confirmation, dear Emily writes—

“45 SUSSEX SQUARE,
“May 13th, 1862.

“MY OWN DEAR MOTHER,—At last the day has come and gone. Everything was so solemn and nice this morning. The Bishop gave us a very nice address, chiefly upon making good use of the means of grace, namely prayer, the word of God, and partaking of the sacrament. Mr. Elliott received us at the church door, and he held my hand all the time he was leading us to our places. He came and shook hands with me and one other girl afterwards, and said a word or two to us. I am sure your prayers were offered up for me at that solemn time. It was so comforting to feel this, and when trying to offer up my own feeble prayers. I do trust, by God's help, I may be able to look back to this day with joy and not with grief. I do hope that my serious impressions may not pass away, now that the confirmation is over. Pray for me. Ever with fondest love, your most affectionate child,

“EMILY.”

As Emily was one who at all times felt far more

than she expressed, we may believe that the impression made at the time of her confirmation was very deep and real; and though for the next three years these good desires seemed to slumber, they never wholly ceased to influence her life. She left school in June 1862, and soon afterwards entered into society with zest and delight, partaking of its pleasures as much as she was allowed. With certain exceptions, which included the opera, the theatre, and public balls, our dear mother thought it wise not to restrain her, hoping she would soon learn for herself the emptiness of worldly amusements. She had never been allowed to take lessons in dancing, yet it was her delight, and she excelled in it. Still in all her gaiety there was no frivolity, but always a love for whatever was good, and true, and real.

When Emily left school, we were living at Kensington, where, shortly afterwards, she joined me in work amongst the poor. We undertook together one of the worst districts in the parish, and her bright manner and kindly words gained her many friends in attic and cellar.

Up to this time my dear sister had been unusually robust and strong, but from about the year 1863 (it was supposed from a fall out of a carriage) her life

was marked by much suffering, which, in spite of all medical aid, continually increased for nineteen years, till during the last two years of her life she was seldom free from pain. There were many who pitied her, but she always said she looked upon her constant suffering as the greatest blessing of her life; she thanked God even on earth for all her pain, and she knew that through the ages of eternity she would bless Him for *all* the way He had led her, even though at times it had been through a fiery furnace. "One of the all things," was a favourite expression of hers, when suffering.

Although from the time of her confirmation Emily had felt a deep interest in Divine things, there was no decided change of heart till the summer of 1865. During this summer she spent a fortnight with our mother at St. Leonards. They attended the church of the Rev. W. Hume, in Warrior Square. One Sunday a young clergyman preached from the words, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The friends who accompanied her failed to see anything interesting in the sermon, but to Emily it came as a message from God,—a message to yield her heart to the loving Saviour who had long been pleading with

her by His Holy Spirit. The words came with power to her heart, and Emily left the church a new creature in Christ Jesus. The preacher may never, in this world, know the blessing he was the means of bringing to one soul that day : in eternity he will know and rejoice with her.

Though all things henceforward became new to my dear sister, she did not at once see it to be her duty to give up worldly amusements, and she continued for a time to go to dances and other entertainments. Before long, however, she found that her thus taking part in worldly gaities was a stumbling-block to others, and, especially in two instances, hindered her testimony for Christ, and impaired her usefulness. When fully convinced of this, without a moment's hesitation, dancing was given up.

Emily now became a diligent district-visitor and Sunday-school teacher. Together we began a little cottage-reading in our district, and we have reason to believe that the old man in whose room it was held, found a blessing from the message there given. There my sister led the singing, and consecrated the rich voice, with which she was gifted, to her Master's service. Together we also took charge of a Mothers' meeting, which was held every week in a

Mission Room in the parish. But though we were deeply interested in the work entrusted to us, we did not then see the fruit that we were afterwards permitted to witness: we constantly lamented the terrible drunkenness and degradation of our people, but, alas! at that time our eyes had not been opened to see the power of total abstinence in dealing with the evil of strong drink,—that great obstacle to the reception of the gospel of Christ.

An extract from a letter written in October 1866, shall close this chapter. It refers to one in whose spiritual welfare we were deeply interested.

“MY DEAREST ETTA,—As I hope to spend all the afternoon in the district, I must get my letter ready this morning. . . I think M. told you that our dear ——— was thinking a good deal. I do think and trust that a work is beginning there. We know indeed, do we not, from our own past experience, how sadly apt impressions are to wear off, and so may this; therefore we must not raise our hopes too much: in fact, so strongly do I feel this, that I should not mention it, but that I feel it is so much more likely to be a *permanent* impression, if we all UNITE *especially* in prayer for him. Let us take that

verse for our encouragement, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father in heaven.' Surely if this promise is given, if *two* unite in prayer, we may hope that when so many make it a subject of prayer, those prayers cannot and will not be in vain. . . . If we had asked Mr. S. to preach *on purpose*, he could not have chosen anything more suitable or impressive than he did yesterday. The whole text was 'Watch,' which in itself was startling. I think I never heard a more beautiful or impressive sermon Dear — was so silent all day, he said he had never heard anything so splendid in his life: from several things he has said, I am *sure* he is *thinking* very much. Oh, may God grant that it may lead to something more! I know you will make him a very *special* subject of prayer, will you not? . . . I took the school again yesterday, and walked home with Miss B.; I like her very much, I should fancy her heart is really in her work. . . . Much love from

"Your loving sister,

"EMILY.

"40 ARGYLL ROAD, KENSINGTON,

"October 1, 1866."

The impressions thus anxiously recorded, and prayed over, deepened into a true conversion and real change of heart and life, to the great joy of dear Emily and the rest of the family.

CHAPTER II.

1866 to 1869.

The dying Saint—Removal to Norwood—Card-players in the Wood
—Sunday Bible Class—Total Abstinence—Temperance Work
—Home Life—Early Rising—Extract from “*The Messenger for
the Children.*”

IN our district in Kensington, there lived a good old woman, whose ripened spirituality was a great help to dear Emily in the early stages of her Christian life. It was by her bedside that she first attempted to pray aloud. This incident is touchingly related by herself in the following passage, taken from her little book entitled “Baby Messengers.”* It is in the chapter headed “Faithful unto Death.” The old woman is represented as speaking to my sister:—
“‘Don’t you go to fret about me, dearie, for I’m not a bit lonely. The Lord takes care of me, and He’s with me all the time. I lie here, and talk to Him,

* See “Baby Messengers, and Other Fragments for Spare Moments,” published by Tubbs and Brook, Market Street, Manchester. Price 6d.

and He puts such blessed words into my mind. You see I've known Him such a many years, that I've got to feel as if I was talking to some one close by me, and so I don't feel a bit lonely.' And thus they talked on, the young inexperienced Christian, just setting out on the journey of life, learning many a lesson from the aged saint who had fought the good fight, and had finished her course, and who was so soon to be taken home. What a help it is to the young believer thus to meet with one who has tried and proved that God is all, and more than all that He has promised to be, to those that put their trust in Him! These visits were daily repeated for some time, but at last there came a day when the young visitor found her old friend groaning in terrible pain. She did all she could to alleviate the suffering, and having re-arranged the pillows, she stood by the bedside and slowly repeated one or two passages from God's Word, feeling as she did so, how unfit she was to minister spiritual comfort to this dying Christian. 'Pray, dear, pray,' at last said the suffering one. 'Shall I pray aloud?' asked the young visitor in some hesitation, for she had never before attempted to pray with any of those whom she had lately begun to visit. 'Ay, dear, ay, let me hear

it.' 'Shall I ask God to take away your pain? The old woman turned her head, and opening her eyes, fixed them almost sternly on the girl, as she said, 'No, don't ask Him *that*.' 'Shall I ask Him then to be very present with you, and to give you grace and strength to bear it?' 'Ay, that's it dearie, that's it,' she answered, with a sweet smile and in a few simple words the young visitor made known her requests to God. A calm peace seemed to settle on the dear old woman's wrinkled face, and through all the suffering, there came a smile of peace and rest, as she bade farewell to her young friend.

"That night she passed away to the Home prepared for those who love the Lord Jesus: but the young visitor never forgot the counsels of her aged friend and often when dealing with the sins and sorrows of others, and in leading them in prayer to the throne of grace, she remembered with thankfulness the first time that she had been led to utter aloud a few simple petitions at the bedside of the dying saint.

"Dear Christians, will not you too, who have long been fighting for your Master, and who are now passing into active service for Him, still do your part by helping on and encouraging those who are just stepping into

the ranks in which you have so long served ? ‘ Therefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.’

‘ Lord, make me faithful unto death,
Thy witness with my latest breath,
To tell the glories of the Lamb ;
Him whom I serve, and whose I am,
On whom for strength I daily lean,
Whose strength is in my weakness seen.’”

Such is the account written by Emily, some ten years later, of her early ministrations to one, who, though “ poor in this world, was rich in faith ;” ministrations which in after years became so full of tender help and consolation. Even in those early days the tie between this old Mrs. Flaxman, a veteran in Christ’s army, and her young visitor, only just enlisted, was very close. Now they have met in the Father’s House above, to praise Him for enabling them both to be “ faithful unto death,” and to witness a good confession for Him whom they both so truly loved and served.

In the summer of 1868, on account of the delicate health of a brother, we left Kensington and took a house near the Crystal Palace, at Upper Norwood. Two Sundays after our arrival, we were led to begin a work, the results of which will, I believe, only be

known in eternity. Beyond our garden was a wood, in which a number of rough men assembled every Sunday afternoon, and the noise they made was most unpleasant and disturbing.

We had longed for some work to do : here seemed work at our very door ; so, after much thought and prayer, we determined to go out and speak to them. Emily, always fearless where God's work was concerned, resolved to go out to them alone, while I remained in prayer for her. To her astonishment, she found a large party of men playing cards ; she asked to be allowed to read to them, but at first she was roughly repelled ; after several attempts to win them, she was sadly turning away, when the thought struck her that she would make one more appeal ; and she asked, " Will no one come and listen to me ? " As she said this, one of the roughest, who at first had spoken rudely to her, offered to accompany her, if she did not go far away. Others followed his lead, till she had seven men gathered round her. For half an hour she read and talked to them, while they listened attentively, and when she ceased, they promised to meet her the following Sunday. These meetings continued all the summer, my sister, and afterwards myself (when she left home in August),

going into the wood every Sunday, and bringing some men away from the card-playing, which we could not wholly induce them to abandon. In the autumn, when the weather became too cold for assembling in the wood, we invited them into the house; and there, first in the housekeeper's room, then in the kitchen, and finally, in consequence of the increasing numbers, in the drawing-room, we held a Bible-class for working-men every Sunday for several years; often as many as fifty men being present. At first I took the meetings, Emily supplying my place when I was away from home; but as years went on and the work increased, we took them alternately, and continued to do so till we left Norwood in 1877.

In our work at Norwood, as at Kensington, we were confronted, both in the Bible-class and in our district, by the curse of strong drink. Men would come and listen to the word spoken on Sunday, and yield to their besetting sin during the week. We were in despair how to reach them. Sin and poverty abounded among our people, and drew forth our earnest sympathy, help and prayers; yet we felt that something *more* was needed; that some practical effort must be made, some remedy found to meet the

“present distress.” Truly we could say with Frances Ridley Havergal, “*We* have not taken up teetotal work, but teetotal work has taken *us* up.”

After much thought and prayer, therefore, we determined to become total abstainers, hoping to induce the members of our Bible-class to follow our example. We were led to this decision, greatly through the influence of our kind friend and neighbour, the Rev. Stenton Eardley, Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Streatham Common, whose constant sympathy, advice and encouragement were of the greatest value to us in our work.

Thus it came to pass, that one Sunday after the Bible-class, (it was December 12th, 1869,) Emily and I both signed the pledge, having given notice the Sunday before of our intention. Six men at once followed our example, and signed that day,—one of the six being the man who had been rude to my sister in the wood, but who afterwards listened to her reading. This man’s changed life for twelve years has testified to the reality of the work of grace in his heart.

Two months later, finding the need of a more united effort, we formed a total abstinence society, known for many years as “the Upper Norwood Total Abstinence Society.” This was begun on February

8th, 1870, the very day which, eleven years later, was to be my sister's birthday into Paradise! This society, together with the Sunday Bible-class, proved, under God's blessing, a help to numbers; and was the means of rescuing many a poor drunkard from the snare of drink, and of leading him, as a penitent, to the feet of Jesus. Many homes once desolate, but now bright and happy, have been the result of the work, which, amidst many failures, disappointments and discouragements, yet many blessings, we carried on for nine years. Many instances of the good results might be given, but as the men are still living, it is better that their names should only be recorded in "the Book of Life," by Him to whom all the praise is due.

It may, however, be mentioned, that at the first confirmation after the formation of the Bible-class, six of its members were confirmed, and became communicants; while three out of the six, who were heads of families, began family prayer at the same time.

In the early days of our temperance work we encountered much opposition, even from Christian people, so that sometimes our motto seemed to be, "Faint, yet pursuing;" still as each year came round, it brought such fresh proofs of our Heavenly

Father's help, approval, and blessing, that oftener still our cry was, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Weak in ourselves, our strength and hope were in God, whose Presence cheered us all the way. Some there were who told us that total abstinence was no Christian work: but we knew and saw that God *did* own it; that it was a help in removing the stumbling-block of intemperance, and making room for the Gospel message; and we have always had reason to thank God that He opened our eyes to see the privilege of abstaining for Christ's sake, and for that of our brethren. It will thus be seen that, amidst many blessings, our path was not always a smooth one: there were many anxious, trying hours, when our hearts were weary and sad with disappointment and discouragement;* but at such times dear Emily's sunny, hopeful nature, and her practical common sense were a constant help and comfort. Besides this, we had the loving, hearty sympathy of our dear mother, and of one of our

* To quote from a letter written at this time: "Added to inward conflict, we are having a good deal of opposition to our work. This coming from Christians is very trying; but I suppose being misunderstood is one of the trials one has to bear. Indeed, it is through much tribulation one enters the Kingdom."

brothers : the former, at the age of sixty, became an abstainer to help us in our work, and her influence and example proved a blessing to many.

In different parts of the parish, we held fortnightly temperance meetings, at which we obtained the help of good speakers from London, while between the meetings, we visited the members at their own homes. A Band of Hope for the children was also formed : this was especially Emily's work, for she had a peculiarly happy and successful way of dealing with children.

Every Saturday evening, for several years, we held a prayer meeting for working-men in a room in our own house ; and often have our hearts been deeply touched by the prayers they offered,—they were so real, so simple, and so hearty. Very refreshing we found these weekly meetings for prayer, strengthening our own faith, and cheering our hearts for the work. This meeting, as well as the Bible-class, Emily and I took alternately.

For two or three winters my sister and I, with two of our brothers, helped to teach in a men's night-school, which was admirably conducted by a lady in the neighbourhood. All this, as may be supposed, brought us incessant work ; our hands and hearts

were full, and our life was a very busy, and a very happy one.

Amidst all this constant out-door work, it must not be supposed that home was neglected. Emily, who was sometimes quiet and reserved among strangers, shone most brightly in the home circle, and there was she especially beloved. Her manner, which was very decided, at times almost amounting to brusqueness (particularly in the earlier part of her life), caused her sometimes to be misunderstood by outsiders, who did not appreciate the force and energy of her character, nor know the depth of love and sympathy that existed in her nature. But as a sister she was unequalled, and the one cry uttered by the brothers as they stood round her bed, after her happy spirit had fled, was, "She was *such* a sister!" If anything had to be done,—a game to be contrived for the younger brothers, a doll to be dressed for a niece, a difficult bit of work to be arranged for a friend, or a map to be drawn for a brother to lecture from,—it was to Emily that each naturally turned for help. With her quick, ready fingers, she was sure to do things better than any one else. Nothing seemed beyond those clever hands and that practical brain. She had a way of employing every

spare *moment*, so that the amount of work of all sorts that she accomplished was wonderful. I never knew any one who seemed so thoroughly to carry out the principle of "redeeming the time."

Emily's nature was not only extremely practical, but also unusually bright and sunny : she had a keen sense of humour, and invariably saw the ludicrous side of a subject. This made her a very amusing companion, and she would often keep the whole party entertained by her irresistible fun and brightness. Her power of telling a story was remarkable : I have seldom heard any one relate anecdotes in the amusing way she did. Occasionally she would illustrate with her pencil the scenes which she so graphically described. This she did with great spirit, though she would never allow that the sketches had any *artistic* merit. To those who loved her, however, they are invaluable.

For many years Emily was a very early riser, and continued to be so to the last. At one time she rose *before* six, sometimes at half-past five ; but half-past six was her usual hour ; thus she secured a quiet hour for communion with God in prayer and reading before the duties of the day began. This, I believe, was one great secret of her bright

and useful life : she looked on this morning hour as most precious, and never, unless compelled by actual illness, would she relinquish it, often rising when she ought to have remained quiet. Over the little table where latterly she knelt, and which she had had especially made for the purpose, was an illumination with the words, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." Just before leaving home for the last time, she told me she had enjoyed much happy communion while kneeling there. How fully is she now satisfied !

For several years Emily was always down to the early breakfast of one of our brothers, who had to start before eight o'clock to business in London. He was not strong, and her bright cheerfulness and love seemed to shed sunshine over his hurried meal, and often cold journey. Thus she was always ready to work for others, whether at home or abroad.

Emily's work at Norwood, and the origin of the Bible class, are so touchingly related by W. Carruthers, Esq., F.R.S., Head of the Botanical Department at the British Museum, in a little paper of which he is the editor, that I shall here transcribe his own words, written just after she was taken Home. With the exception of one or two

minor details, it is a faithful picture of part of my dear sister's life.

*Extracted from "The Messenger for the Children,"
for March 1881.*

EMILY STREATFEILD.

The western slope of the hill which is crowned with the Crystal Palace still retains some traces of the ancient wood from which the district derives its name of Norwood. Builders have been gradually clearing open spaces in the wood, for streets or separate houses, until little is left.

In 1868 a company of workmen were in the habit of frequenting one of the remaining patches of wood on Sunday afternoons to play at cards. Two young ladies, whose home overlooked the place chosen by these men for their Sunday games, were greatly distressed at this profanation of the Lord's day.

It would have been easy to get the police to turn them out of the wood, but the young ladies longed to do them good, and to tell them of the love of Jesus. It needed nerve to speak to them, and tact to get their ear. After much consultation and united prayer, the younger resolved to go to the men, and offer to read to them, and her sister undertook to plead with God to go with her and open up her way.

It was a bold undertaking, but, with God as her helper, Emily Streatfeild walked out into the wood with a book in her hand.

The rough workmen were amazed to hear the fair-haired, bright-eyed young lady offer to read to them. They consented. I have never known a young lady, seeking to walk in the steps of Jesus, and trying to save the lost, receive a rude word from a sober workman, no matter how he may have forgotten his God. The workmen listened attentively to the interesting story which the reader had selected. And when she left they were not slow in promising to hear her again next Sunday.

For two months the workmen listened each Sunday to the gentle voice of the fair reader or her sister. Then there came a wet Sunday. The workmen were, nevertheless, drawn to the place, though they scarcely hoped to see their young friends.

The young ladies had resolved to invite the men into their house, and got their brother to go and ask them. They accepted the invitation, and in the housekeeper's room the ladies read and spoke to them. Sunday after Sunday the meetings were held. The young ladies had got right into the hearts of these workmen—and some of them had very hard hearts. Their Sunday games told plainly that they had cast out God from their thoughts. Some were slaves to drink, and all were living dark and hopeless lives. A teetotal society was formed, and many were reclaimed from drunkenness. The Gospel from the lips of these ladies was still, as in St. Paul's days, the power of God unto salvation to all who believed. The Sunday class increased ; the housekeeper's room became too small, and the kitchen was taken possession of. Soon this, too, would not hold those who came, and the drawing-room—

the largest room in the house—was cleared out every Saturday for the Sunday class.

The work developed. A Band of Hope for the workmen's children was established, and a "British Workman" was opened, at first in temporary premises, and then in a suitable building erected for the purpose.

The young ladies were ready helpers in any mission work where they could be of service.

Though they were earnest and loving members of the Church of England, I became acquainted with them at evangelistic services in St. Andrew's Church, Norwood, which formed part of an effort organised by the Presbytery of London in its metropolitan churches. Here they were helping to lead anxious inquirers to the Light. Emily Streatfeild had a rich, clear voice, and this, like all else she had, was consecrated to the Saviour's service. Though naturally of a retiring disposition, we have seen how she could be bold for the Lord. She was adorned "with shamefastness and sobriety." In a meeting of anxious ones, she often spoke straight to hearts when, with her clear voice and earnest utterance, she sang with her whole heart—

"I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh! that *my* Saviour were *your* Saviour too.
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you."

The health of the elder sister gave way amid her many labours for the Master. At her request I took the Sunday class. There, in the drawing-room, were assembled forty-

eight working-men, with bright eyes and happy faces that told of a work of grace in their hearts.

Continued ill-health compelled the ladies to seek rest ; but rest could not be obtained in Norwood. Ten years of unwearied and successful labours had so extended their influence, that their help was sought for every good work, and it was never sought in vain.

So they left Norwood, as they and every one hoped, for a time ; but years have passed, and the blank caused by their absence remains. Their place has not been filled up.

But during these years the sisters have not been idle. In their brother's parish in Lincolnshire they have, though with diminished strength, laboured earnestly for their Master. A large meeting for rough men has for three years assembled weekly in a Mission Room, to listen to their earnest, loving words ; there the younger sister's rich voice has often reached hard hearts hitherto untouched. There that same hymn, "I am praying for you," was used by God to bring a poor wanderer to the feet of Jesus, one of the six working-men who, a few days ago, bore her body to its last resting-place ; five of the six were reclaimed drunkards, more than one blessed for time and for eternity by means of Emily Streatfeild.

In the hospital, in the cottage, in the sick-room, she had a word for Jesus ; and amidst much and increasing suffering, she brought God's sunshine into hearts and homes wherever she went.

And now she has been called to her reward. The voice which sang out so sweetly the Saviour's love and praise on

earth, is now joining in the song of Moses and the Lamb before the throne in glory.

Reader, what are you doing for the Saviour? You are not more unlikely an agent for the Master's service than that young lady was when she went out to the Sunday card-players. But she went in the strength of the Lord; and you may do the same. Do not wait for Sunday card-players. They will probably never come in your way. But you will never want for opportunities of service if you use those that God gives you.

CHAPTER III.

1869 TO 1874.

Memoir of Father—"The Reclaimed Fortune-Teller"—Mission Services—Gift of Song—Suffering: Its sanctifying Influence—Letter to a Brother—Withdrawal from active Work—Blessing—Letters.

It was during the year 1869, that Emily and I together wrote a short life of our dear father. This joint work was a labour of love which we much enjoyed, for it made us better acquainted with his beautiful Christian character. It was written for the sake of our younger brothers; and, at the request of friends, was printed for private circulation.

Soon after this, Emily wrote her little book, entitled "The Reclaimed Fortune-Teller," being the history of our interesting gipsy friend, Mrs. Simpson. It was printed by Macintosh, and has passed through several editions. Reviews spoke well of it; one of these may be given: "A striking story of what the grace of God can do, written in a natural

simple style, and with the charm of being entirely true." *

In the year 1870, we attended some meetings in Norwood, and by their means we were led to understand, as we never had before, the doctrine of a *present salvation*,—a *present forgiveness*. Realising henceforth its blessedness for ourselves, and its power for our work, we were from that time much helped in dealing with anxious souls, who were seeking after God.

Twice during these early years of our life at Norwood, we had the privilege of working at mission services, once at Thornton Heath, and again at the Presbyterian Church in Upper Norwood. After the services at both places, we remained to speak to those who were anxious. It was at the latter mission, that *during* the service, my dear sister was asked to sing alone the hymn she loved so dearly, "I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory." The hushed silence that prevailed, while, with deep feeling, Emily sang those words, so full of pleading love, was most solemn and striking. She had a beautiful and very rich voice, which she used with

* This little book is now to be obtained from Jackson & Parker, Market Place, Louth, Lincolnshire, or from the writer.

great skill, and she delighted to use this gift of song, as she did every other talent, in her Master's service. Many a message to weary, anxious, wandering hearts, has been conveyed by means of Emily's singing, for she never sang without earnest prayer for God's blessing on the words sung.

She was much sought after for her lovely voice, but never, during the later years of her life, would she sing where she might not introduce a sacred piece, so as to enable her to give a message for her Master. More than once she refused invitations on this ground. There are many who will remember her sweet voice, as, with her whole heart in the words, she sang, "There is a green hill far away," to Gounod's lovely music. This hymn, as she sang it, has brought tears to many eyes. Then again, her full rich notes will not soon be forgotten in another piece of which she was specially fond, "Comfort ye my people." It seemed to convey a message of comfort to those who listened. One friend writes, "I can never hear Mendelssohn's 'If with all your hearts,' without thinking of the time, before our confirmation, when it came as a message to M—— and me, from your sister's lips. We bless Thee for this Thy servant, departed this life in Thy faith

and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow her good example, that with her we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly Kingdom."

By sick-beds, in the cottage or the hospital, everywhere, she used this gift of song, with what blessed results eternity alone will reveal. Many a sick one, at first apparently indifferent to Divine things, has been won, by a hymn sung in her clear sweet voice, to listen to the gospel message. One such instance, related by herself, appeared in a religious paper some years ago, and may be given here:—

"Though much has already been written on this subject, the testimony of M. R. S. in 'The Christian' for Dec. 13, induces me to add the following incident as another proof of the power of song. I can truly say I have found the gift of song invaluable in work for God, in softening hard hearts, and in soothing the sick and sorrowful. I was on one occasion visiting a cottage hospital in a country town. On entering the men's ward, I was pleasantly greeted by all save one surly-looking man sitting by the fireside, who evidently looked upon me as a troublesome intruder. After a few general remarks, inquiries after health, &c., I asked them whether they would like me to sing to them. All at once

answered in the affirmative, except the man by the fireside, who preserved a marked silence. Addressing myself to him, I said, 'Would *you* not like me to sing?' In a very disagreeable, gruff voice he answered, 'I've no *objection*,' laying strong emphasis on the last word. 'Very well,' I said, 'if *you* have no objection, and the others would like it, I will sing.' After singing and making a few remarks on the words sung, I inquired whether they would like another hymn. To my surprise, the first to speak was the hitherto surly-looking man, who, with a pleasant voice and entirely altered manner, said gently, 'If you please, ma'am, *I* should like another.' The singing prepared the way for reading and commenting on the Word of God, which was listened to with attention by all present.

"This is only one of many instances I could give where singing has been a real help in work for God. Shall we not then use this talent more in our Master's service than we have hitherto done ?

"E. S."

It must not be forgotten, that during all these years Emily was a constant sufferer, the acute pain she often endured being most sad to witness. She

was from time to time under the care of several eminent medical men, but none gave her real relief : one whom she consulted in 1879 told her that if his treatment did not succeed, she must go and fight the battle, as she had fought it so bravely, for so many years. Truly she was a brave and patient sufferer, with a marvellous power of self-control. I have known her to pass an evening most brightly among friends, only confessing to me afterwards the suffering she had been enduring. It was only those who knew her well, and not always they, who had any idea of what she went through. To show the severity of the pain, it may be mentioned, that on one occasion Emily took *five* doses of sedative without the slightest effect, the doctor assuring us that, when free from pain, *one* dose would have sent her to sleep for hours.

Yet during the hours of most severe suffering, she was always patient, fearing lest the groaning she could not control, should be mistaken for impatience ; and the moment the pain was at all relieved, she would be her own bright self again, often saying something amusing to make us laugh, as we stood sadly round her bed. I have known her, when slightly relieved from pain, ask for a pencil and paper, to send some helpful thought which God had

just given her, to some friend, who happened to be suffering at the time. She was ever thinking of others. After one severe attack of pain, when we thought she was passing away (a collapse having set in), she told me she quite thought she was going Home, and that she had no fear. On another occasion, when the suffering had been almost more than we could bear to witness, she called me to her side, and told me that she had had such comforting thoughts, and had felt her Saviour to be so near to her, that the pain had not been so dreadful to bear, as it had been to see. She wished me to know this. Through all her sufferings, the texts which she said helped her the most were, "I will hold thee by thy right hand, saying, Fear not, I will help thee." "The Lord is my Helper, I will not fear what man shall do unto me." "My times are in Thy Hands:" and "Underneath are the everlasting arms." These words were a constant source of help and strength to her.*

Experiencing so much bodily suffering herself, her

* Emily was struck with a thought she once met with, that "pain is only the pressure of a Father's Hand." "Thy Hand presseth me sore." She referred to this afterwards as a helpful thought, feeling with Miss Havergal, that "when the pressure is sorest, the Hand must be nearest."

sympathy was especially called forth towards sufferers: this induced her to put together a few hymns and verses, which had been a special comfort to herself. These were printed, under the title of "*Rays of Comfort for Dark Days*;" and we believe they brought a message of help to many weary invalids, whom Emily could not have reached but by means of her little leaflet. A friend, writing to me after her death, says, "Where can I get your dear Emily's '*Rays of Comfort for Dark Days*?' I remember when I was ill, she pointed out to me one of the verses, which she said was such a comfort to her. It was—

'Sweet it is to say, "My Jesus,"
When we toss about for rest ;
And no posture else can ease us,
Than to lean on Jesus' breast.'

I have her photograph on my mantelpiece, and her face teaches me lessons that I long to follow."

To some it may seem mysterious that one so bright, so gifted, and possessing such powers of usefulness, should have been so constantly laid aside by illness; but may it not have been that He Who sees the end from the beginning, and Who was training her for her Eternal Home, saw, in His Divine wisdom,

that the discipline of suffering was needed to give her character the depth, the tenderness, and the gentleness, which perhaps by nature she lacked, but which were so conspicuous in her *later* years. It may be that her energy and natural decision of character, her determined will, her strong sense of duty, her wonderful self-control, might have developed a harsh and unyielding character, had not the Master in love sent her the discipline of pain, to soften and refine her nature, and to make her all that she afterwards became. She herself always felt and owned the great blessing that her sufferings had been to her through life. Her own words on this subject will best express her feelings. They are taken from a letter to a brother, written by her while staying with friends at Clifton:—

“VICTORIA SQUARE.

“MY DARLING S.,—I was so glad to get your dear kind letter yesterday. Thanks for all your loving words of sympathy. I know you will be grieved to hear that I have again been suffering very much. I was suddenly taken on Friday evening with violent spasms, so acute, that I could not move at all, and could scarcely breathe. As soon as the pain abated

a little, I was put to bed like a baby; but I continued in great pain for many hours, and more or less all the next day. . . Just as I hoped I was losing it, it only moved its position, and all Sunday I was in bed, with the room darkened, in distracting pain in the head and eyes. At night I got better, and slept pretty well, and am all right again, now. Mrs. P. has kindly asked mother to come and stay here to be with me, and I expect her to-day. I have been very careful of myself lately, never over-exerting myself, and leading quite an idle life. . . .

"I don't think I ever thought much about that text, 'The light shineth in darkness,' before. It is very beautiful. Taking it as referring to the darkness of the heart, so naturally black and loathsome, it reminds me of a little bit in a book I read the other day. It was speaking of the believer saying of his Saviour, 'Yea, He is altogether lovely,' and it connected with it the words of Job, 'I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' Oh, for more light to see ourselves black and vile, and our Saviour *altogether lovely!* Surely it is to teach me something of all this, that God lovingly chastens me, and may it

not be that He does not take His chastening Hand from me, because He sees that the work is not being done? I fear it may be so: do pray that mine may be *sanctified* affliction. And yet I cannot bear to talk of mine as *affliction*, when I compare it with what others suffer. . . . I am glad it is fine for the thanksgiving day. May there be a true spirit of deep thankfulness throughout the whole country, and may faith in the efficacy of prayer be strengthened! . . . Your very loving sister,

“EM.

“*P.S.*—Dear mother has arrived, well, and not very tired. It is so nice to have her. Now if I am ill, I don’t half so much mind.”

During the winter of 1873-4 Emily was ordered, as a possible remedy, to lie perfectly flat on her back. This she did for ten months, most patiently, being always bright, happy, and busy. During those ten months, she accomplished an extraordinary amount of writing, reading, and needlework; her busy fingers were never idle; but this constant employment, while lying on her back, affected her eyes, and rather weakened her sight, which had hitherto been unusually strong. Her work was

chiefly devoted to helping charitable objects, and sales of work, to which she often contributed largely, once making with her own hands £10 worth of shilling articles.

During the time that dear Emily was on the sofa, I too was laid aside, it was supposed from overwork, so that other friends had to fill our place, and carry on our weekly meetings; and very grateful we were to those who kindly did so. This time of withdrawal from active work was a time of peace and blessing to us both; during which we were led more deeply than before, to realise the happiness of a life of trust. It was just at the time when meetings for consecration were being held in various parts of the country, and although we were never able to be present at any of them, we were permitted to receive a few drops of the shower, which just then seemed to be poured out in answer to earnest prayer. Emily, in writing to a brother, on this subject, says,—

“In writing to Mrs. E., the other day (a lady in her brother’s parish), I enclosed one or two of the little books which Etta has sent to you, saying, that they had given us some helpful thoughts, so I liked to send them to others. In her answer, Mrs. E.

says she has immensely enjoyed reading the little books I sent, and that they have given her just what she has been so much longing for. I am so glad I sent them. Certainly they, and other little books on the same subject of the life of trust,* have been instrumental in shedding a new light into *our* lives. It seems as if a great burden had been taken off my shoulders ; and in fact that is what it really is. I had been 'trying to be good,' and signally failing, and then getting discouraged, and now I see that I had been bearing the burden, which my Saviour would have borne, if only I had let Him.

"The little book I enclose we have met with during the last week, and this seems clearer than any we have met with before. . . . Aunt C. came yesterday, and we are looking forward to some drives in the open carriage. It will, I think, be nice and resting for us all, for we are in a somewhat crippled condition, and it will prevent Etta doing very much, which will be a good thing. She really is not doing *much*, but even a little tires her head a good deal. She lies down now for an hour before luncheon, which she finds helps her." . . .

* "How to Enter into Rest ;" "The Love we Live by," &c. Morgan & Scott.

A conversation I had with dear Emily about this time on the subject of a consecrated life, made a deep impression on my mind. I was so struck with her intense, her fervent love to the Saviour. I wish I could remember all she said, but one thing is vividly impressed on my memory ; she told me that at times the Saviour was so present with her, and His love so precious to her, that the joy was almost too great to bear. She had never imagined such happiness possible on earth. This from one, who was naturally reserved and undemonstrative, struck me greatly ; for with all dear Emily's brightness and animation, she was very silent about her deeper thoughts and feelings. With the poet Goethe, she felt, "the highest cannot be spoken of in words." Few people therefore knew the *depths* of her nature, —a nature which had no shallows, but which was true, and deep, and thorough.

As a stream reflects the colours and objects that clothe its banks, while it carries fertility and freshness wherever it may flow, so her life, drawn from the hidden depths of communion with God, while it seemed to catch and reflect upon its sunny surface every human interest, was felt to impart a blessing wherever its influence might penetrate.

In February 1874, I left home for a few weeks, to stay with our eldest brother, then stationed in South Wales. Emily and I felt this separation very much, and the morning after my arrival, I received the following letter, written from her sofa:—

“HURST LODGE, *February 20, 1874.*

“MY DARLING ETTA,—What would people say to see me writing to you long before you have even reached your destination! but I have an idea that a few lines, though devoid of news, will not be unwelcome, to greet you on your arrival at breakfast to-morrow. We shall be so anxious to know how you bore the journey, and how you are to-morrow. . . . I was reading in the morning lesson just now, about Aaron, who was always to bear on his forehead those words, ‘Holiness to the Lord.’ It set me thinking of our talk yesterday. It seems as if *that* was what you are to do in Wales, just to carry about with you the ‘atmosphere,’ so to speak. I don’t suppose Aaron was always *talking* about it, and yet there was to be no mistake about, ‘*Whose* he was, and whom he served.’ Do you remember those words in the last chapter of Deuteronomy, ‘Let him dip his foot in oil,’ to which I daresay you have the

same note I have; 'so should the Christian leave a footprint of holiness wherever he goes?' The footprint, you see, would be left naturally *without effort* on his part. He could not *help it*, if he had dipped his foot in the oil. Oh, that we could learn the lesson this teaches more! I am sure if you trouble yourself about speaking for God, &c., much, while you are away, it will only be an effort; but if we only just keep near Him, continually fresh anointed with oil, we shall not be able *to help* doing naturally what He has for us to do; and I am sure He won't let us be quite idle, if we keep near Him. Let us pray for each other, that we may be kept very close.

—Your very loving EM."

Again, a day or two later she writes:—

"My verse for you to-day shall be Deuteronomy xxxiii. 12, 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety *by Him*, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between His shoulders.' Doesn't it seem to give us the same beautiful thought as in, 'The Government shall be upon His Shoulders?' * only it is still more lovely,

* A tract written by a friend, which had been a help to us.
(Morgan & Scott.)

because in this case it is not only the government of all our affairs that He will bear, but *us and* our cares, sorrows, and burdens. I was so glad to find from your letter that you were peaceful and happy in spirit; it must be so, if we are *borne by Him*, for wherever He takes us, and whatever He does with us, it must be 'the very best,' as H—— would say. I wrote to her on Saturday. . . ."

During my absence from home in October of the same year, Emily wrote to me on the day I left. We had parted with more than usual reluctance.

"Having relieved my feelings by a good cry in my room, I will now proceed to put a few sentiments on paper, though there is really nothing to tell you. . . . Nothing has happened since you left, and yet I fancy you will like to see my writing on the table to-morrow morning. How we are thinking of you! I am wondering whether you are getting to feel a quieter 'little bird in your cage,' or whether you are fluttering about, and beating your breast against the bars.* You must be like some of the little wild

* This refers to a poem by Madam Guyon, beginning, "A little bird I am." We had just been reading and enjoying her memoir.

birds, who even when caged in tiny cages, with every outward circumstance against them, still find something to sing and praise God about. . . . Bless you, darling! How I miss you, you cannot imagine! Yes! I think you can, for I believe you will *miss me* a little! I will keep you well posted up in everything.—Your loving
EM.

“HURST LODGE,

“October 27, 1874.”

CHAPTER IV.

1875.

Visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to England—Services at
Camberwell—Work in Public-houses.

THE summer of 1875 was memorable to many, and amongst others to my sister and myself, for the visit to England of the American evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey. We were thankful to be well enough, by that time, to join in the wonderful work they carried on. Once at the Agricultural Hall, (when a friend who accompanied us found a blessing,) and again at the Opera House, and at Exeter Hall, we listened to their soul-stirring words;—while during the whole of June we were privileged to attend daily their meetings in the Camberwell Hall. We both worked during that time in the inquiry rooms, where we met with many who had been deeply impressed by the services. Indeed, we always looked back upon that month of services

as a time of very special help and refreshment. We saw the reality of the work, as those only could who were in constant attendance at the meetings, and who were able to follow up by correspondence the cases which came under their notice. Each person seen in the inquiry room was afterwards written to, sometimes frequently. Emily had several cases of deep interest, where the persons seemed to receive a permanent blessing from her earnest, loving words, following as they did Mr. Moody's powerful address. My sister was also in Mr. Sankey's choir at Camberwell, and very much she enjoyed thus being able to use her voice for her Saviour.

A few words must now be said about a work in which my dear sister was deeply interested—namely, visiting public-houses, and speaking to the men in the bars. It was on Christmas Day 1875, that, after much thought and earnest prayer, we began this work, taking with us for distribution a large supply of illustrated tracts and of printed invitations to our Sunday meeting. For a long time we had been grieved to feel how unable we were to reach those who habitually frequented the public-houses; and we resolved, with God's help, to make an effort to do so. With

our dear mother's consent—that consent, which through life was never withheld in anything which could promote the glory of God, or the welfare of our fellow-creatures—these visits were continued every Sunday while we remained in Norwood.

To the end of her life dear Emily continued this work, though I was obliged to abandon it in 1877, on account of ill-health. Many interesting conversations took place in the bars, some of which may be given, though many of the incidents have passed away, and cannot be recalled to memory. In general nothing could be more kind and courteous than the way in which the publicans received us, for we always asked their leave before entering. Once, with the publican's permission, Emily was able to sing a hymn, and to engage in prayer, in the bar of a small public-house. In one of the larger ones, we gave away on one occasion as many as eighty tracts. We were, in general, treated with the greatest respect, the illustrated tracts, and sometimes the message of salvation, being well received. Emily was specially fitted for this work; her wonderful brightness, her ready wit and tact, her perfect self-possession and pleasant manner, securing for her a welcome everywhere.

Being sent for on one occasion to visit a sick man, Emily found that the word spoken in a public-house had touched his hitherto careless heart, and had led him, on his sick-bed, to think deeply and sorrowfully of his past life. At last, being able to bear it no longer, he sent for one of the ladies to come and see him, in order that he might hear more of the Saviour he had so long resisted, but now wished to serve. This was a great encouragement to us in the work, and led us to hope that some of the seed, sown in weakness, might bring forth fruit in years to come, if not at the present time.

The following conversations, found in a little record my sister kept of her "work in the bars," which I give in her own words, only omitting names and places:—"I entered into conversation with a man in the — public-house, standing apart from the others, when he said, 'I suppose you are a Christian?' 'Yes, I am,' was my answer. 'I have a brother who is,' he said, 'but I don't know much about it myself.' I spoke to him of Jesus, and he almost interrupted me, saying, 'You seem to talk of Jesus as if He were somebody real, that you knew personally.' I replied that 'Jesus was a *real* person, and my dearest and best Friend.' He said, 'Can you then

talk to Jesus?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I very *often* do so; I was speaking to Him just before I came into this house, and I asked Him to send me to some one *with a message from Himself*; and I think He has sent me to *you*.' The man was now thoroughly interested, and I spoke for some minutes of the way of salvation. I invited him to come to the meeting in the afternoon, promising then to explain the way of salvation more fully. In the afternoon, to my delight, the man was present. I have never met him since.

"In another house a respectable-looking man said 'It's not often we have a lady take the trouble to come in and talk to such as us.' I answered, that 'I had found the secret of happiness, and longed that all should know it: therefore I had come to tell them of it, especially at the beginning of a new year.' Then I spoke a little on the secret of *true* happiness. The little group I was addressing listened with great attention.

"At another house one man was inclined to ridicule, when another quieted him, saying, 'Give over, Bill, the lady's right and we're wrong, and it would be a deal better for us if we'd do as she says.'

"In one public-house, after I had spoken for some

minutes in the bar, and invited all present to the meeting, one man, a good deal the worse for drink, rose and said, 'I like the likes of you : yer speaks plain and straightforward ; now, I'm one as likes to be free and happy.' Looking at the poor, miserable fellow, I said, more for the sake of the others than for him, 'Then that's just what you are *not* ; you are a *slave*, a slave of strong drink, and as long as you are that, you will never be either free or happy. Come—all of you—to our meeting on Monday evening, and we will try and show you the way to be *really free and really happy*.' One man sitting by, who had not yet spoken, said, 'Well, I've been in a many public-houses, but I never afore seed a lady come in like this to talk, and give tracs.' 'Haven't you ?' I said ; 'I've been into a great many public-houses, and talked to a great many men in the bars, and I think they generally like a little talk, and they like my picture papers.' This was a signal for all hands to be stretched out eagerly for papers. During the whole visit, the landlord stood behind, with an expression of curiosity, but not of displeasure, on his face.

"On one occasion the landlady invited me in to see her sick husband. We had a long talk. Speak-

ing of the prevailing drinking customs, he said, he hated them as much as any one, and *hated* serving drink to a man, who, though not positively drunk, could not stand another glass: but the law compelled him to do so, if he was not actually drunk at the time. Presently we spoke of the sad *homes* made by drink. I said, 'What a sweet word home *ought* to be,' and this led to speaking of the Home beyond. He was quite hoping to go there, he said. 'Why?' I asked. 'Because he was doing the best he could,' and so on, the old story! I explained to him the way of salvation, telling him of the happiness to be found in Christ. He was very attentive, and thanked me for coming.

"At another house, after speaking for a little while in the bar, I went into the bar-parlour to talk to the landlady. In the course of conversation the woman said, 'O ma'am! I do hate my business. I've been in it for thirty years, and I should be so thankful to be out of it. I sometimes feel as if I were *dealing out damnation* to the people.'

"On another occasion, I had been speaking solemnly in the bar to four men, and being anxious as usual to hang up a notice of our meeting, I said to a boy standing by, 'Are you the landlord's son?

Do you think I may put up this paper?' A voice from behind answered, 'Oh yes, ma'am, *please* do.' I turned; it was the landlady, who had come in unperceived, and who was standing by with the tears running down her face. She asked me to come in and speak to her, when she confessed she was miserable, that she hated the business, and much disliked her children being brought up in it. I expressed surprise at the kind reception I met with from the publicans, adding, 'They must know that our work is to *discourage*, and not to *encourage*, their trade;' 'Yes, ma'am,' was the answer, 'but we like to have you come, and we couldn't wish no other than that you should do as you are doing.' I went on to say that our work being chiefly amongst working-men, we found the drink a great curse to them, keeping them from happiness, from peaceful homes, and *from God*, and therefore we felt *obliged* to fight against it. The woman's answer was remarkable. 'Yes, ma'am, it's all quite true, and I hate to be mixed up with the business at all. It often goes to my heart, it does, to give it them.' I solemnly urged her to look out for another business, and meanwhile to try to check the drunkenness. As I was leaving, the woman

begged me to come again soon, and as often as I could."

Do not such incidents as these prove that publicans and their wives, a class too often neglected, are open to Christian sympathy, and are ready to receive and welcome the Christian visitor?

One more interview must be mentioned, the last that dear Emily had in a public-house, being about Christmas time 1880, just before she left home for the last time. I shall again give the account in her own words.

"I wished the men in the bar 'a happy Christmas,' and spoke to them of happiness. They said they thought they were intended to be merry, and were told so in the Bible. I answered, 'Yes, God does intend us to be happy, and for my part, I *am* happy; I do not believe there is any one much happier in this town than I am.' One man remarked to the rest, 'Well, I reckon she is; she's got it in her face, wherever she gets it from.' This gave me an opportunity of speaking of the secret of true happiness. As I was leaving, one man said he hoped I would stay a bit longer, he liked to hear me talk. A man who had been playing the fiddle, asked me presently, to what denomination I be-

longed. I said, 'It is hardly necessary for me to tell you this—our friend here' (turning to the publican) 'knows who I am;—but I may tell you that I believe I belong to Christ, and that is more important than any denomination.' A man in the room said, 'She belongs to the Church,' on which the fiddler jumped up, saying, 'I admire you; I do indeed: to belong to the Church of England, and not tell us. I hold that to be the best, and when I attend anywhere, it is the Church.'"

Such are some of dear Emily's experiences in visiting public-houses. They are enough to show her faithful, yet pleasant way of dealing with all, however mistaken, and her happy way of turning every incident to account. Often she would return home late on Saturday afternoons,* thoroughly exhausted, yet full of thankful joy at the kind reception she had met with; full, too, of thankfulness that she had been enabled to give messages for her Master to those who seldom or never heard the glad tidings of a Saviour's love. Sometimes, when

* Saturday afternoons we called our "field days." Not only were they the best days for going to public-houses, but also for visiting the men belonging to our meeting, at their own homes. Much of this work also, Emily undertook.

the pain was very trying, I would beg her to give up these Saturday rounds, but she felt them to be such precious opportunities of usefulness that she would seldom yield, and though often in much pain, would go brightly through the afternoon's visiting. She was so brave to fight the battle, and in spite of suffering, to do the work she believed God had given her to do. And right well and nobly she did it to the last !

CHAPTER V.

1875 TO 1877.

Growth in Grace—Entries in Diaries—Letters—Erection of British Workman, and Hall for Meetings—Prayer Answered—Tea to the Workmen—Opening Meeting—Rest at St. Leonards—Visits to an Invalid—Sympathy—Change of Home.

FROM about the year 1875, there was—as we can now see, looking back on our dear sister's life—a wonderful growth in the spiritual life, a more thorough consecration of all her powers, a more yielded will, a greater zeal for God's glory, that went on increasing year by year, till, during the last few months of her life, those who lived with her could hardly see a fault in her. Such was the power of Divine grace, in what, by nature, was by no means a faultless character. Her unselfishness was remarked by all around, for amidst constantly increasing suffering she never seemed to think of herself, but always to be busy and employed for

others. Truly of her it might be said, "The path of the just is as a shining light, shining *more and more* unto the perfect day,"—that day upon which she has now entered. In the words of Frances Ridley Havergal, (in a passage which Emily has herself marked,) with her, "Consecration was not so much a *step*, as a *course*."

On the first page of her diaries for 1875-1876 I find these words written, evidently intended to be the ruling thought of the year: *—

"I surrender myself, and all that concerns me, into Thy hands, oh my God! For the *past*, I thank Thee; for the *present*, I praise Thee; for the *future*, I trust Thee."

In her diary for 1876 she has also copied out on the first page Miss Havergal's well-known consecration hymn—

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to *Thee*."

Also the following striking words of Miss Marsh's:—
"As I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, by creation, by redemption, by *His* choice, and by *my* choice, I

* Emily's diaries, kept every year, were merely records of facts and events, never of her thoughts and feelings, which she had a strong objection to writing down.

will not go anywhere, where I could not ask for His presence to go with me; where I could not, as opportunity might occur, give a message from Him to any one who should converse with me; where, if He were still on earth, I could not have expected to meet Him; and where, if He should return suddenly, I would rather that He should not find me." And again, "Let us consult our gracious Lord and Master about every new book we open, and determine to read nothing that we should wish to close hastily if He entered the door of our room."

These resolutions seem to strike the key-note of my dear sister's life from this time. To be *wholly* consecrated to God was the longing desire of her heart.

In March 1876, during a short visit I. paid to some cousins in Essex, I received as usual a daily letter from my darling sister. It was a time of anxiety and perplexity, and each letter contained some beautiful extract, which she thought might help me. These extracts, which she called "her daily prescriptions," were always carefully and prayerfully chosen, and some of them, being long, must have taken much time to copy. But to convey any comfort to another, no time or pains

were ever spared. One or two passages, taken from her letters during this separation, may be given.

“HURST LODGE, *Friday, March 1876.*

“MY DARLING ETTA,—We went to the meeting yesterday. There were eighty present, and General Graydon seemed pleased.* When you come home I will tell you some things he said which I liked: but one bit at the end I must tell you, as it *fitted us*. He said we often ask things without submitting them entirely to God’s will. Let us ask every temporal blessing, if it will be for His glory that we should have it. He said we might be very often asking for the very thing which would *hinder* us in our path to Heaven, and that God loves us too much to let us have our way; but he said if God does not give it, be sure He will give you something which is much better, and which in Eternity you will see to have been much better. Wasn’t this for us? . . . —Ever, darling, your loving sister, EM.”

“ ‘They that seek the Lord shall not want *any good*

* A drawing-room meeting held at General Graydon’s house every Thursday afternoon. We always attended it, and Emily led the singing,—the General calling her “his choir.”

thing' (Ps. xxxiv. 10). The question is, what are good things? But *He knows!*"

A few days later dear Emily writes—

"HURST LODGE, March 1876,
"Sunday Evening.

"Mary has promised to post this when she comes home from church, as I want to add a bit more to my letter. Notwithstanding the *thick* snow, there were thirty-nine men at the Bible-class this afternoon, which I thought very encouraging. There were eleven men last night at the prayer-meeting, and we had such a sweet little meeting. I took Psalm cxii. 4, for it had helped me so much, and been on my mind all day, so that I could speak of nothing else. The meeting was most refreshing, and I have felt better ever since. W—— gave us some nice thoughts last night,—one I must tell you. I was saying, how much more we *trusted* in darkness, because not *seeing* our way, we had to depend entirely on our guide, and he said, he thought that, 'when we walked by faith, we really did make progress, but walking by sight often meant standing still, or even going back!' Of course I have not been able to go out to-day. I send you a note I had this morning

from Mrs. O—— in answer to mine last night. You will see I had asked her prayers, for when I wrote it, I felt so utterly unequal to the two meetings of last night and to-day, and my mind felt somewhat distracted. I had a fairly nice meeting this afternoon, nothing particular to myself, but I hope a blessing was given . . . I must tell you a lovely thought I got this morning; quite a *lift*. You know that verse (Hosea ii. 14), 'I will allure her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably to her.' Compare Canticles viii. 5, the position of the Christian coming up FROM *the wilderness*, 'leaning on her beloved.' Perhaps that was not the position when she went into the wilderness. Oh, dear Etta, may we come out of this wilderness of perplexity, leaning harder than ever on Him! I am, as you will see, much happier, and hope my depression is pretty much gone. I certainly have had spiritually a very happy day. *How glad* I shall be to have you home again! Mr. Haslam comes for next Thursday's meeting. I expect to have a cab* for to-morrow's meeting at New Town. Mr. H. is anxious for a

* Emily was at this time suffering much pain in her back, caused by a fall down some steps, being often unable to walk at all.

large and good meeting, so I *must* go. I have *added* my Sunday 'prescription' for you at the end of yesterday's letter.—Your loving EM."

The "prescription" enclosed was, I believe, the following:—

"Man's goings are *of the Lord*; how can a man then understand *his own way*?" (Prov. xx. 24.)
 "*He* knoweth the way that I take" (Job xxiii. 10).

"Thou can'st never drift
 'Beyond His love: would I could reach thee where
 The shadows droop so heavily, and lift
 The cold weight from thy life! and if I care
 For one beloved, *oh, how much more doth He!*'"

In another letter she says, "At the end of the meeting yesterday, those present were invited to ask anything they liked, as there were ten minutes to spare. One or two asked questions, so then I summoned courage, and asked, what has been puzzling me the last few days, 'Is the will given to God once, or every day?' Mr. Haslam said, '*Once.*' I then asked, 'How is it, then, that our will is so often opposed to God's will still?' He said a good deal that was very nice, but one illustration has helped me so much. He had a picture-book which all his children had used; and it was very

old. A friend took a fancy to it, and asked for it, saying he would give another new one in exchange. Mr. Haslam said he wanted nothing for it, his friend was welcome to it; and he took it. Afterwards he found a page out of it about the house, and continually he was finding pages or parts of pages. He put them by, as belonging to his friend. He said that did not prove he had *not given the book*. He had given it once for all, and these stray pages which he found in his possession, also belonged to the friend, and must be given. . . . G—— is here; she came at twelve (ought I to have liked *that* ?) So I cannot go on: I mean to devote myself to her all day! My back is *very* bad.—Your very loving

“EM.

“‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him’
(He has not done *that* yet).”

One more extract from her letters to me at this time must be given, as it shows how bravely she worked through suffering. She is describing an afternoon’s visiting among the poor.

“I was a long time with Mrs. D——, who seems interested, but not at all convinced, and ‘won’t say she thinks believing enough, because she doesn’t.’

I was at work nearly three hours, and was very tired. My back had been very painful all the morning, but I thought it seemed better when I moved; but I think I did almost too much, for I could hardly get home. I felt regularly 'done.' My back is most painful, making me feel almost sick. I fancy it may be lumbago, which is another form of rheumatism.* Mother wants me to stay in as it is so cold, but I have so often to remain at home, that I cannot do so, as long as I can move at all. It may come to that, that I cannot move, and then I shall know that it is my work to keep still!

'Sweet it is to say, My Father,
In the *dark* and *cloudy* day.
Shall we doubt His love? nay, rather,
Trust Him, trust Him, come what may.'

'REST in the Lord.'

The year 1876 was a more than usually busy one. In addition to our other work, which was constantly increasing, we were engaged in raising money to erect a "British Workman" public-house, which had long been needed in Norwood. Soon after

* Some medical men had attributed *all* Emily's sufferings to neuralgia; but this was afterwards discovered to be a mistake—there was serious internal mischief.

beginning our teetotal work in 1869, we found, that though in Upper Norwood there were eighteen public-houses and beer-shops, there was not one place of safe resort for working-men in the evenings, free from temptation. We had therefore, in 1871, opened a small Workman's Hall in the town, with reading and game rooms. This, however, did not supply all the existing need, the accommodation being too small to allow of the men getting any refreshment, and so we had for some time been seeking God's guidance, that we might find larger and more suitable premises. We were likewise anxious to secure a large room for temperance and other meetings, to which we could also remove our Sunday Bible-class, for it was outgrowing the drawing-room at Hurst Lodge. In all this we had the hearty support and sympathy of our kind Vicar, the Rev. R. Allen. Various buildings were suggested and looked at, but none proved to be thoroughly satisfactory, and therefore it was at last resolved to collect funds to build a suitable place in a central part of Upper Norwood. This, with the help of a building committee, was accomplished, £2000 being raised for the purpose. In the spring of 1877 our "Public-house without the Drink" was finished, and opened under the name

of "The Welcome," and we are thankful to know that it has proved a blessing to many.*

The opening day was one of much thankful joy to us both; for we always looked on the building as a monument of answered prayers: we had for years prayed for such a place of resort for the men of Norwood, and during its erection we had experienced many striking answers to prayer. One of these may be given. On one occasion the builder had to be paid £100 before Christmas: we had but a few pounds left in the bank, and knew not where to look for more. It wanted only a week or two to the time, and we saw no prospect of obtaining the required money, when a lady who had promised us £50, but who had told us it was not convenient to give it at present, wrote to us saying, that on second thoughts she felt we might be in need of present help; she therefore enclosed a cheque for £50, her sister adding £25. A few more pounds came in unexpectedly, so that on the proper day we were able to send the builder a cheque for the amount due to him. We never had to keep him waiting for

* During the present year, 1882, "The Welcome" has been greatly enlarged, at the cost of £1200.

his money. Thus we had constant cause to praise God for tokens of His love and care for us in the work. When the building was finished, we gave a tea, in the new hall attached to "The Welcome," to the workmen who had been employed in its erection. It was a pleasant gathering, and after the tea, Emily and I spoke to them of Jesus and His love, Emily also singing some hymns. Thus, from the first, the room was consecrated by prayer and praise to the service of God. On the opening day, Emily and I, together with a friend, whose warm interest in the work had been and still is untiring, gave away cups of coffee in the bar. Later in the evening a meeting was held in the hall, when C. E. Tritton, Esq., took the chair, and gave a most earnest and suitable address. The Earl of Shaftesbury had kindly promised to come, but at the last moment was prevented by the death of a brother. The hall was crowded, and as we saw the fulfilment of so many hopes and prayers, our hearts were filled with gratitude, and we thanked God and took courage.

The extra work and anxiety, however, proved too much for me, and once more I was compelled to rest: but as it was difficult to do this in Norwood,

our dear mother took us both for a time to St. Leonards, where we spent a pleasant month, finding the rest and quiet most refreshing to mind and body. Being asked by a relative to go and see a lady who was dying at St. Leonards, Emily gladly went, rejoicing to be able to minister to any sufferer. She visited her constantly, reading and praying with her, and cheering her by her brightness and loving sympathy. I went to see her occasionally, but my dear sister's visits were constant, and proved a great help to the invalid, as the following note, written in pencil, will testify:—

“MY DEAR MISS STREATFEILD,—One line to say I am still here, enjoying a happy Sunday. My affectionate love to you both. You cannot imagine how helpful you have both been to me: but our dear Master knows, and He will repay for me, as He alone can. It was such a happiness and privilege to pray together.”

One day when this friend was expecting to undergo an operation, Emily illuminated for her the text, “I will trust, and not be afraid.” This text was pinned at the foot of her bed, where she could always see it; and when, a few weeks later,

she was moved in an invalid-carriage, she had the text placed where her eyes might rest upon it during the journey. She said no one could tell the help those words had been to her. An old friend of our mother's, who saw something of us while at St. Leonards, writes of Emily, after her death: "The card you sent will be a sweet memorial of your beloved sister, though we are not likely to forget her! Though her visit to St. Leonards was so short, she left a 'savour behind her,' and though death has removed her from us, 'yet she speaketh.' Oh how you must miss her, not only in your home, but in your work, your temperance work—among the poor, the sick, &c.!"

From St. Leonards Emily and I went on to stay with several friends, paying visits to Hollington, Brecon, Isycoed, and the English lakes. Never can I forget dear Emily's unselfish devotion to me, her loving care, her tenderness and sympathy, and yet her brightness, all through those months of weariness and suffering. The way in which she entered into every symptom, continually devising fresh interests, was wonderful in one who herself knew nothing of "nerves," and had never suffered from nervous exhaustion. Her constant pain, how-

ever, made her keenly alive to *all* forms of suffering, and her sympathy was untiring.

Late in the summer we joined our dear mother at Louth in Lincolnshire, and although we did not know it at the time, Louth became henceforth our home. It had been our intention to leave Norwood and our work only for a time, but God willed it otherwise, and we were never able to return to the work, which had rather outgrown our strength. It was therefore settled, that as our two Norwood brothers were now both married, we should make our home at Louth with the two unmarried ones, who lived there together, in the happy relationship of Vicar and curate.

Although it cost us much to give up all idea of returning to the work we loved so well, we could not but own and bless the Hand which led us to such a pleasant home as Trinity Vicarage. It seldom, in middle life, falls to the lot of a family thus to live together, united in the holiest bonds of mutual affection, and of love to their Divine Master.

This happy arrangement lasted for three years, till the marriage of our youngest brother Bertram in June 1880.

Bright and happy were these three short years !
Most blessed are their sacred memories !

CHAPTER VI.

1877 AND 1878.

Visit to the Lakes—High Spirits—Servants' Bible Class—Contributions to Magazines—Mission—Meetings at Railway Station and at the Factory—"Found on a Doorstep"—Birthday Letter—Visits to Penshurst and Botley—Impression made—Illness of a Brother and his Family—Letter to Eveline—Meetings for Men.

IN the autumn of 1877, our mother, Emily, and I spent a pleasant month at the English lakes. The week that we spent there in the summer had so delighted us, that we persuaded our dear mother to accompany us in September, that she might enjoy the lovely scenery, and that we might see more of it than had been possible during our previous visit.

We spent three weeks at Ambleside, and one at Keswick, revelling in the beauties of the Lake district, and enjoying numerous excursions. Emily made a series of comic sketches, illustrating these

visits, some of which are very amusing. She used to relate our experiences of this pleasant time in a most graphic, racy, and original way. Yet with all this vivacity, there was nothing of frivolity or lightness, for reverence for holy things seemed to be a part of her very nature. But there was in her, to quote the words spoken of another saint, lately passed to his rest, "a buoyancy of spirit, an elasticity of temperament, and an inveterate joyousness and hopefulness of disposition," which in one who suffered as she did, was remarkable. Doubtless these high spirits, and this irresistible love of fun, were God-given, to help her to bear her sufferings, and to strengthen her in her life's conflict. One medical man told us, that had Emily not possessed an unusual spirit and courage, she would long ago have been a confirmed invalid.

During the following winter 1877-78, dear Emily constantly took the servants' Bible-class, held every Sunday afternoon at Trinity Vicarage. The testimony of one who listened to these addresses is, "She seemed so happy, I never saw her without a smile on her face."

From time to time, Emily contributed stories to various magazines, to "The Sunday Scholar's Com-

panion," "The Child's Companion," and others. Some of these pieces, "The History of a Fourpenny Piece," "Little Deeds of Kindness," "Happy Sundays," "The Sand-glass," &c., she intended some day to have published together as a volume of "Stories for Children;" but this was never accomplished. Eagerly did her nephews and nieces look out for these stories, for "Auntie Em" was famous among them all for her power of telling and writing stories; "Tell us a story, auntie," being the constant cry whenever she appeared. Her graphic children's letters were also hailed with delight, especially when they were illustrated by her own pen, as they generally were.

In February 1878 a Mission was held in Louth, our cousin, Raymond Pelly, Vicar of Stratford-le-Bow, being the Missioner at Holy Trinity Church. Emily greatly valued the privileges of those ten days, and worked a little at the after meetings.

It was about this time (just before the mission week, I think) that Emily held a meeting at the station, for all the railway servants. She held another of a similar kind in August of the same year. These services were a great pleasure to her. About the same time, she addressed all the

factory hands at the carpet manufactory, being invited to do so by the proprietor, whose daughter was present on the occasion.

In the late spring, our dear mother, Emily, and I went up to Norwood for a few weeks, our house there being vacant. During this visit, Emily, on more than one occasion, took the meeting held at the Welcome Hall, on Sunday afternoon. On her way to the meeting on Easter Day, she encountered the poor fellow whose history she afterwards wrote, in the little book, entitled "Found on a Doorstep." * This tract, printed after her death, was thus noticed in "Hand and Heart :"—

"‘Found on a Doorstep,’ by the late Emily Streatfeild, is one of those ‘simple annals of the poor,’ which, transcribed by a loving heart and graphic pen, will be read and valued by many. The story was left in MS. by the writer, and is now printed for circulation. We strongly recommend it. The touching lines, ‘In Memoriam,’ are added at the end by the Rev. G. S. Streatfeild." Emily’s joy in rescuing this young man was great, and her heart was full of praise to Him who had given her the

* "Found on a Doorstep." Tubbs & Brook, Market Street, Manchester. Price 1d.

message, for which both the giver and receiver will, we believe, thank God throughout Eternity.

The following extract, from a letter written at this time to her god-daughter Eveline, may be given. It was for the child's birthday, a day never forgotten by "Auntie Em," and was written amidst a great press of work :—

^ "HURST LODGE, *April 22, 1878.*

"MY DARLING EVIE,—It is past eleven o'clock at night, but if I do not write now, I do not think you will get a birthday letter, and that would be very sad. I shall not have time to draw you any pictures in this letter, as I must only spend a few minutes over it. But I must find time to say, I do hope you will spend a very happy birthday, and that every year you live, you may know more of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, and then I know every year you will love Him better . . . We have been so busy since we came to Norwood that you would indeed call this 'Bustleum Lodge' again! . . .—Ever, darling, Your loving Godmother,

"AUNTIE EM."

From Norwood we went into Kent, spending a pleasant fortnight with a dear Aunt who lived at

Penshurst. Here Emily, always watching for opportunities of usefulness, found work to do in visiting the people at the Almshouses, by whom she was much beloved, and in reading and singing to them. From Penshurst my dear mother and Emily went to stay with some old friends at Botley Rectory, in Hampshire. Here, too, Emily was to be found visiting cottage homes, and seeking to rescue some poor drunkards, about whom the Rector and his wife were anxious.

Writing of this visit, and the impression made by it, Mrs. Lee, the Rector's wife, says—

“The remembrance of her is sweet and precious ; she was such a bright, happy Christian, and made her religion so attractive. I have had her much on my heart lately, and have spoken of her so much. Never shall I forget her going with me to see some men when she was staying here. I never heard any one speak to men in so nice a way, or in a way that seemed to seize hold of their hearts at once, as she did. Not many days will pass, before I go again to these men, to plead, by her death, those burning words she spoke to them. Her removal is a mystery we shall only read in the light of Eternity! Hers was one of those blessed useful lives, that seem so

fitted to win jewels for His crown, cut off in their very prime! To Etta, what can I say? May the Lord comfort her in this sad separation from the companion of her life's work; two sisters who have lived, and loved, and worked together for the Master! Now one sees the King in His glory, and her loving heart will be spared the sorrow of parting. She has joined the countless multitude round the throne, in singing with that sweet voice, to which we listened with delight, the praises of Him she loved."

Of that visit, the same dear friend writes to my mother:—

"I little thought the visit she paid with you here would be the last time I should see her, and yet it left so sweet an impression of the nearness with which she lived to the Master, that I could never forget it. It made one see the loveliness and happiness of a living, humble, Christian walk. I felt such true admiration of her character, so bright, so loving, so humble, so little of self: so pleased, and blessed, and happy to work for the Master wherever she could, without parading it before the world. How little we knew what a work was before her, when she sallied forth, Bible in hand, to speak to those men in the wood at Norwood! Truly

your heart was drawn out to her, year by year, as you saw the suffering and anguish she had so long and so bravely borne. I still hear her sweet voice singing, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.' May God bring those words to your heart, in true comfort, for 'her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned.' She has indeed been 'wafted to the skies,' and can now sing the song of the redeemed, whose robes have been washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

It was during this visit to Botley Rectory that Emily wrote most of the short pieces, afterwards published under the title of "*Baby Messengers, and other Fragments for Spare Moments.*"*

After paying two or three visits together, Emily and I joined our dear mother at Louth, to receive a brother and his family, who came to us in the late summer.

In August we passed through a time of much anxiety, our brother Champion and four of his children being very ill with scarlet fever, our sister-in-law having scarcely recovered from a

* "*Baby Messengers, and other Fragments for Spare Moments.*" Tubbs & Brook, Market Street, Manchester. Price sixpence.

most serious illness. It was a time of trying suspense and anxiety, one little girl not being expected to live; but God in His mercy spared them all. Writing to our sister-in-law, after making arrangements for sending a nurse to the sick house, Emily says—

“TRINITY VICARAGE, August 4.

“I need hardly tell you how earnestly and constantly we are all praying for you. Bertie is going to ask the prayers of the congregation in church for you all to-morrow. I thought you would like to know this; and we are sending word to the Bible-class men at Norwood to pray at their meetings. My fond love to dearest Champion, and to all the precious ones. My sweet Evie! I can imagine how patient and quiet she is.

“It is hard to know why God is sending all this sorrow, but we *cannot, must not*, doubt that it is a *gift* sent in love. The reason we shall see some day, if not now. . . .—Your loving, sympathising Sister,
EMILY.”

Emily always looked upon suffering and sorrow as two of God's choicest gifts to His children,

for which they would especially thank Him hereafter.

When the invalids were somewhat recovering from the fever, Emily sent the following note to her god-child Eveline:—

“TRINITY VICARAGE, LOUTH.

“MY OWN DARLING EVIE,—You will have heard from mother how very much we have been thinking of you all while you have been ill. Indeed, darling, we have talked and thought of little else, and how often we have prayed for our dear sick ones, I could not tell you. Bless you, my darling! We have been so glad to hear that ‘our Queen’* has been a good, patient, little woman. I think you must make a Bible clock about patience when you are better, and don’t forget to put in ‘The God of Patience.’ Auntie Etta and I have been so busy the last two days, and we thought how some little girls would like to have watched us. We had promised to dress fourteen dolls for prizes for the school treat on Tuesday; there are forty-eight to be done. (Here follows an elaborate description of the dolls, their dresses, &c., to amuse the sick

* One of Eveline’s pet names.

child.) Auntie Etta sends best love, and is already looking forward to seeing you here at Christmas. Bless you, my pet! May the tender Shepherd watch over the dear sheep and little lambs at Isycoed.—Ever your loving Godmother,

“AUNTIE EM.”

In the autumn of this year, Emily and I began a meeting for men, every Monday evening, in the Holy Trinity Mission Room. This meeting has continued ever since, and has been a source of deep interest to us. At the first meeting there was present a group of rough men, who had received Emily's invitation in the bar of a public-house. They promised to come, but determined to meet first at “the public,” before proceeding to the Mission Room. This intention they carried out, and appeared in due course at the meeting. We constantly visited the men at their own homes, but with her usual thoughtfulness, dear Emily undertook the larger share of the visiting, as hot rooms still tried me a good deal. She spent much of her time and strength in this work, often visiting in the evenings, when she was sure to find the men at home. Beyond her strength she laboured;

but that she won the hearty love and respect of the working-men is evident, from the tributes of love shown to her memory, and from the touching testimonies received as to the blessing she brought to many of them. These will be given in a chapter at the end of this volume,* and they will prove what her work and influence were during the last three years of her life: years which were indeed used for the glory of God, and for the salvation of her fellow-creatures.

* See Chapter XIII., page 165.

CHAPTER VII.

1878 TO 1880.

Character—Remarkable Dream—Visits in the South—Elkington Hall—"The Rising Star"—Letters.

THE winter of 1878-9 was full of busy parish work, and of happy family life. All this time dear Emily was growing in meetness for the Home she was so soon to enter. We who lived with her, and watched her day by day, wonder now that we did not realise that she was ripening for glory. The growing unselfishness, sweetness, and gentleness of her character; the patient endurance of increased and almost constant suffering; the brightness which shone in our home life, like sunshine, which one enjoys and basks in, without thinking why it is so beautiful; the entire yielding of her own will to God—all this made her character and life very lovely. One friend in writing of her says—

"I thank God for her bright example, and for having

had her among my friends. I am sure you will receive many loving tributes to her beautiful Christian character, which will comfort you much. She was so sympathetic, so true, so loving, so brave, and patient."

In her early morning communion with God, she seemed to receive from the Fountain of Light a radiance which shone in and around her during each day's work or suffering. What struck me most about her, during the last two years of her life, was her yielded will. Her natural will, as has been already said, was unusually strong and determined; this of late seemed absolutely given up, and she appeared to have no will but God's.

A dream she had about this time impressed her deeply, and left, to the end of her life, a strong feeling on her mind, that it had been given her by God, as a help to her in her life of constant suffering. She referred to it only a few weeks before she was called Home, and told me it had helped her. This was remarkable in one whose whole character was practical, and full of common sense. She was never one to be influenced by dreams, and was utterly removed from all morbid fancies or superstition. As far as I can remember, the dream

was as follows. She imagined that God asked her to give herself up unreservedly to Him, and as a condition, told her she must place herself upon a wheel, and descend into an abyss of utter darkness, which looked most appalling. She hesitated, feeling it to be too terrible to face, and yet knowing that her will could not be accepted unless she complied. At last, after a fearful struggle, she yielded, and felt herself on the wheel, going down into the black darkness. She described it as an awful moment, never to be forgotten. But it was only for a moment; and all was changed: for, as she descended, the darkness became light, and all was bright and beautiful, more beautiful than she could ever describe, and she awoke. I asked her what she thought going into the darkness meant? She said, she imagined it was giving up her own will, which would cost her a fearful struggle, but which, when the surrender was fully made, would be followed by peace and joy and rest. May not this dream also have been sent, to show her the bright Home which awaited her, when she had willingly taken up her given cross, and passed through the appointed suffering? (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.)

In the spring of 1879 we went again to Norwood

for a short time, our house there being vacant. Afterwards we paid several visits to friends and relations—Emily's last round of visits among relatives in the South! At Penshurst dear Emily again read, spoke, and sang at the Almshouses, the people there greatly appreciating her visits. I heard afterwards that one old woman, who suffered much from depression in the Christian life, but whose testimony was clear and beautiful at the last, told her daughter, when dying, that the two hymns sung by Emily at her last visit (no doubt accompanied with earnest prayer) had been such a comfort to her, and even during her hours of deep depression had proved a message of hope to her. They were two favourites of my dear sister's, "God loved the world of sinners lost," and, "In the higher Rock I'm trusting." This old woman also referred with much pleasure to the last chapter our dear mother had read to her.

At Eastbourne, Emily and I were alone together in lodgings. We greatly enjoyed this fortnight, delighting in the quiet time, the refreshing rest, and the joy of being "quite by ourselves," while taking in fresh health and strength from the sea-breezes, and from the healthful rambles on the Downs.

While staying, in July, with our dear friends Mr.

and Mrs. Pelly at Hollington, Emily used her voice, as she delighted to use it, in singing to a class of village lads, who came up to spend an evening at the house, and also in singing to a gathering of mothers assembled for tea. At this tea we were privileged to hear an address from Miss De Broen, whose work among the Communists in Paris is so well known. We did not wonder at the results accomplished, when we heard her loving, heart-stirring words, given in such a bright and attractive manner.

At the end of July we returned to Louth, to receive our two brothers, William and Arthur, with their families.

The end of August found Emily and me spending a few happy days at Elkington Hall, with our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Smyth. We always enjoyed these visits, and looked back upon them as refreshing to mind and body. Here, on the Monday evening, Emily addressed Mrs. Smyth's Bible-class of men and lads. It was such a real delight to her to speak for Christ, that she always hailed any opportunity of giving a message for her Master, especially to working-men, whose hearts she had a wonderful power of gaining. In October we again spent a few days in this pleasant and beautiful home.

For some time past, we had felt the great need there was in Louth of some place of resort for working-men, where they could obtain refreshment, without encountering the dangers of the public-house;—a coffee tavern, in fact, such as we had left in Norwood.

This summer a small house in a good situation fell vacant, and our brother Sidney, in conjunction with the Rector of Louth, who shared with us the work and the responsibility, took possession of it for this purpose.

It was an old house, and very much had to be done to make it look clean, bright, and attractive, three most essential points in order to secure success in such an undertaking. The two next months were, therefore, fully employed in furnishing our new coffee-house, superintending the work-people, raising funds to defray the expenses, and seeking a suitable manager. In all this labour of love, Emily, as usual, was most active—writing letters, collecting money, and brightening and decorating the walls with pictures, illuminated texts, &c.

On November the 15th the house was opened as the “Rising Star;” Emily and I distributing cups

of coffee gratis to all who entered the bar ; and our hearts rejoiced at the number of working-men who came in to see the new " public-house." Later in the evening a large meeting was held, in a room close by, to commemorate the opening, when Canon Wilde and our brother gave suitable addresses. The latter took for his text the word " Star," speaking on the words *Sobriety, Thrift, Affection, and Religion*, as the four things we desired to promote by means of the coffee tavern.

Thus another monument of answered prayer was raised in our midst, and the undertaking was launched forth with earnest prayer for God's blessing on its future.

At the end of November I was persuaded to leave home for change and rest. I intended returning home for Christmas, but was prevented from doing so till the end of January. I went away with great reluctance, for the work that was usually divided between us, devolved in my absence on Emily, who in consequence, I fear, often did more than was good for her. During this separation (as indeed, during each of our very few separations) I heard from my dear sister almost daily: her letters were delightful, full of every detail of home life, and of

parish work ; all told in the most lively and graphic manner, for she had the gift of letter-writing. Alas ! few of these letters have been preserved ; they referred chiefly to passing events, and were generally destroyed when we met again. Extracts, however, from two letters, written to me during this absence, may be given. The first will show that, with all her sunny brightness, Emily had times of sadness, and of yearning with tears, over souls living without God and without hope.

“TRINITY VICARAGE, *December 28, 1879.*

“MY DARLING ETTA,— . . . I grieve to tell you that D—— broke his pledge on Christmas Day, and what is worse, has, I fear, been drinking for three days, and has never been near me. He went to the ‘Star’ yesterday, and, I hear, seemed much troubled about it. J—— talked to him and prayed with him. I told J—— to ask him to come and see me if he saw him again. My fear is that he will lose hope, and not try again. I am anxious, too, about O——, who was not at church on Christmas Day, nor this morning ; but he may be away—oh dear ! the discouragements ! If I didn’t believe that there was to be future work among these dear erring fellows, and

that at last they would be brought in, by love or fear, I could not keep on at it; but I do want more of them to be among the 'first fruits,' those brought in in the 'present age,' as Jukes puts it. I had a little cry at the Holy Communion this morning over the many wanderers, for I was feeling very *down* about them; that relieved me, and I feel better now! . . . How are you? We are quite puzzled about your coming home; we do so wish you could stay quietly with Auntie, as she is so kindly anxious to keep you, and yet if you don't get better, it does not seem much good staying. I wish we knew what was really the right thing.

"I am having a good deal of pain; indeed I feel it more or less most days, and to-day am aching very decidedly. I suppose I may make up my mind to it for the rest of my natural life. Happily 'there shall be no more pain' *there*. How nice to have done with heads and sides! Yes, and with discouragements and anxieties, and best of all, with *sin*. Yesterday, from breakfast time till three o'clock, I was polygraphing our letters to the Norwood Bible-class men, and to-day I have been looking over and correcting them. To-morrow I hope to finish, and then they will be ready for enveloping and

addressing.* Having finished polygraphing, I went out soon after three, and visited till half-past seven. I got through a good deal of work, visiting *several* of the men, and the 'Star.' . . . My subject for to-morrow's meeting is, 'Who shall be able to stand?' (Rev. vi. 17), making it a special new year's address. I am taking, Who is able to stand in the coming year, against *temptation, in time of trial, sickness, in faith* (stand fast in the faith): Who will *stand up for Him*? (confessing Him). Who is able to stand *in the day of wrath*? (as primary meaning in text), answering by 2 Corinthians i. 24, 'By faith ye stand,' and Romans xiv. 4, 'God is able to make him stand.' Think of me. I feel it to be especially solemn as the last meeting this year. I hear from Campbell and Tudhope that all the motto cards are sold out, all four kinds, and that they are reprinting—so Mr. P—— will be too late with his order.†
—Your very loving EM.

* For many years we had written a new year's letter to our Norwood Bible-class. We usually had one hundred printed, but this year Emily undertook to polygraph them.

† This refers to a set of cards Emily had designed for the new year: a *prayer*, a *promise*, a *precept*, and a *resolution*: all in Scripture words.

The following extract will show the amusing way in which she described passing events:—

“TRINITY VICARAGE, *January 3, 1880.*

“MY DARLING ETTA,— . . . Now I must tell you a conversation which our lodger at the ‘Star’ heard in a public-house the other day. He goes into one near his stables to get ‘a glass,’ and found a number of men talking about the ‘Rising Star.’ The customers were saying, ‘Very good place, nice people as managers, with a good word for all; good refreshments, &c.’ The publican agreed, but added, ‘The worst of it is, that they are taking away so many of our customers from us! However, they come back sometimes, and they tell us they *must* go there, the coffee is so good: I only hope they may soon come back altogether. As for those ladies, I believe they would like to stop every licence in the place!’ A few minutes after, one of the men turned to the groom, saying, ‘Where are you lodging this year?’ ‘At the Rising Star,’ was the reply, and everybody looked at everybody. T— has been here to-day with the working men’s contribution to the ‘Star,’ £12, 12s. I asked him what he hears about it as he goes about, now that it is

opened and tested. He said he heard but one opinion everywhere, that it was 'the best thing ever *invented* in Louth.' Have we not reason to be thankful, and to take courage? And now for another little history! An old man, who is almost totally blind, has attended the meetings for several weeks, and on Monday night said as he went out, that 'if he might venture to say so, he should esteem it a great privilege if he might have an interview with me!' So yesterday I went to 'interview him.' Both being seated, he said he wished to explain why he had desired the interview. He had been a Free Methodist ever since he was seven, and was one still—he wished plainly to mention that. He had often read in tracts and books when he could see, that *ladies* were much engaged in work for God, and in holding meetings, but never till now had one come under his immediate notice; and therefore he felt it would be both a pleasure and privilege to make my acquaintance. The first time he came and heard me, he was convinced that I was a truly converted lady, and that not only I, but the gentlemen who speak on Sunday and Wednesday, are 'full of the Holy Ghost' (oh! would that we were!) that it is very refreshing to him, as it clearly

proves to him 'that the Spirit has not altogether left the Church!!!!' Some tell him that it would be better if there were not any churches, but he is glad to know from his own experience, that such is not the case, and that the Spirit is 'still working in the Church!' and he should say 'that Mr. F——'s and my 'preaching' set forth the gospel very fully, and was equal to any of the Methodists he was in the habit of hearing!!!!' Well, I spoke up for my Church, and said how much God was doing by its means, and through its ministers and their preaching; but I said I was aware there were *some* not faithful to what they professed, as was the case among the chapel ministers. He said he was sadly aware of this fact among *some* of the Methodist ministers; and then he went on to relate in proof of some of the 'church parsons' not being all they ought, that in his earlier days he had sometimes gone into a church, and heard the clergyman, clerk, and boys 'rabbling it all over, as a *mess of boys* would *rabble* over their *lessings*!' Not a bad sentence, is it? Well, I then read, and expounded, and prayed with him, and much I enjoyed it, for he is a dear old man, and really spiritually minded, for all his queer and mistaken notions. Perhaps as plain a proof


as any I was able to give him, that there is some Christianity still in the Church, is, that I went out and unbuttoned and put to his shutters, and so saved him poking out of his door to do it!* I have had a regular afternoon of visiting to-day, for Saturday is such a valuable day for it. I started soon after three, and visited in Maiden Row till 5.30; ran home for a biscuit, and then went to the Riverhead and visited there till 7.30, and I really feel fresh, and not too tired. Miss H—— found poor W—— (of whom I told you in a former letter) studying his Bible, having had a grand search to find the place I had ‘preached upon.’ He had found it, and was studying it. She thinks that K—— is rather impressed again the last week or two, so I am going there on Monday, all being well.

“P.S.—Sunday evening. Bertie preached a most sweet sermon to us this morning, on ‘They called His name Jesus.’ It was on the word ‘Jesus,’ as our watchword in various circumstances. My sub-

* This old man died *the same week* that dear Emily was taken Home, and is buried in the same cemetery. He died in the Union, whither his blindness compelled him to go at last.

thought she loved to dwell upon; often she spoke to me on the subject, sometimes adding, with one of her bright smiles, "And I hope even there, you and I will be sent to work *together*!" To work for God, without the earthly hindrances of sin, temptation, or weariness, was her idea of happiness. The friend referred to above, in writing to me afterwards, says—

"The card you send me is most precious, as indeed is anything I have, that is in any way connected with her memory. I had learned to love her much, and her constant visits to me last year will ever remain as bright spots in my memory. I know she longed to be with Jesus; how soon has He fulfilled her desire; and we can now think of her enjoying that perfect service without any hindrances. How brightly she must be shining *in* our Father's kingdom: she did shine brightly *for* Him down here! Do you remember talking to me one day last winter about her longing to die? I remember your saying she must think of *you*, and must try *not* to wish it. I cannot tell you how much I regret not having kept any of her letters; the enclosed is all I have. This she sent me last Easter with a card: it is very little, but to me it speaks *her* mind and recalls many of her sweet, bright talks with me,



of which I was privileged to have so many last year."

The paper alluded to above was sent with an Easter card, and on it were these words, characteristic of Emily :—

" May Easter joy and peace be yours, *though*—(or rather *because*)—it is given unto you to suffer for His sake. " E. S.

" EASTER, 1880."

Emily would sometimes take flowers to this lady as she did to many invalids. Her love of flowers was a special trait in her character, and must not be omitted. It was her delight to pick and arrange nosegays for those who had no gardens, or to take them to the hospital, or to sick-rooms; she often gathered them when she ought to have been resting. She used to say that flowers always spoke to her in a *special* manner of God's *tender love*: they were not necessary to life, but were made to give us pleasure, and to add to our enjoyment. All her tastes, indeed, expressed a refinement of mind and a purity of heart that seemed to be part of her very nature.

One of Emily's greatest pleasures was painting

flowers, which she did in any spare time she had. A beautifully illuminated text was often her way of expressing her affection for her friends, or her sympathy in their sorrows.

In the summer of 1879, she published a set of illuminated markers, with Scripture words on them. The following year she published another set called, "Comforting Words for the Afflicted."* These, like the first, have had a large sale, and we believe that they have conveyed a word of comfort to many aching hearts. This ever seemed to be my dear sister's mission in life. Other sets of cards followed: one was called, "Festivals of the Church;" and another set, "Flowers Covered with Snow," with appropriate words from Scripture, is especially lovely. This set will be published shortly.† The money she obtained for these cards (from £9 to £12) has since her death been devoted to God's work in various parts, according to a request, written by her some years ago, that all money in her possession at the time of her death, should be so disposed of. It was her

* The first three sets are published by Campbell & Tudhope, Glasgow. 6d and 1s. a packet.

† The Snow Series will be published by B. Ollendorff, 53 Jewin Street, London, E.C.

custom through life to dedicate a tenth of all the money she received to God's service, feeling it to belong to God, rather than to herself. Often more than a tenth was given, but never less.

There was about dear Emily's whole manner and face a *peculiar* brightness. One lady said of her, "It was the happiest face I ever saw." Another said, "Many people smile, but hers was such a beaming face; there seemed a smile all over it." The testimony of another is, "Emily was the brightest Christian I ever met." One clergyman friend wrote of her, "I have such happy memories of your sister: she is imprinted on my mind as so attractive, from the fresh brightness of her whole manner and character. Truly she did not 'walk in darkness, but had the light of life.' *Light* seemed the characteristic of her life." A working man remarked to me, "I never saw her without a smile." And all this, it must be remembered, was said of one who was a *constant sufferer*. She told one friend, that sometimes, when the burden of life seemed greater than she could bear, she would go to her room for a little while, and there, alone with her Saviour, she would get the strength she needed to return to the family circle or to her work, brightly and bravely—no one

guessing the struggle which God alone had witnessed. But we saw the result, in the calm bright face and manner, and in the sweet unselfish temper and life. Nobly she fought the battle of life, "the joy of the Lord being her strength."

We had a happy Easter time—my godson, Henry H——, and our dear niece Eveline being with us. Into all the fun and merriment of the young people, dear Emily entered in her own spirited way, being always the life of the party. Eveline remained with us till June, and her visit was a great pleasure to us both. After Easter our dear mother went to Norwood, to see about the re-letting of Hurst Lodge. Alas! while there, we fear that she over-exerted herself: at least she was never really strong again. From that time we date her gradual decline, which was hastened no doubt, at last, by dear Emily's death.

In May I met with an accident, breaking my leg, and spraining my ankle very severely. Although confined to my room for eight weeks, often in much suffering, I look back upon those weeks as a time of much peace and rest. I remember one day a friend pitied me for being so long a prisoner; and my answer was, "It is a very happy time, I have so

much of Emily." From the moment of the accident, she became my devoted nurse, never leaving me night or day, except for an hour's walk daily. In a sick-room Emily was charming: she was very bright, quick, and decided, and yet so gentle. To our mother, still at Norwood, after describing progress, she writes, "I am in constant attendance, as you may fancy, and dress the foot with lotion every half-hour. . . Don't be unhappy: we are getting on capitally in our hospital, and you must not be anxious,—you know I am always in my element when nursing, especially in a surgical case."


From her daily walks, Emily would return full of amusing and interesting details. Such were her powers of observation and description, all used for the patients' benefit, that she always had something fresh and sparkling to tell. This would astonish our niece Eveline, who, having taken the same walk, would return and tell me she had seen "nothing particular!" I often now wonder whether my sister did not do too much during those first days of my utter helplessness and dependence upon her. Weeks afterwards she confessed, that one night, when awakened from sleep to attend to my foot, she almost fainted away: but this she never men-

tioned at the time. Her love, tenderness, and brightness were unflagging and untiring.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding this constant nursing, she continued to take the men's meetings for some weeks longer. On Whit-Monday, she gave them a service of song, carefully selected, and suitable for the season. This she occasionally did, to the delight of her audience.

On the 29th of May, a long-felt wish of ours was carried out: that a tea might be given to the returning militiamen, to help them to keep sober on their arrival in Louth. This was done, and after the tea, addresses were given by my brother Bertram, T. F. Allison, Esq., who had kindly lent the room, and by Emily.

While still a prisoner to my room, the marriage of my youngest brother Bertram took place at Boston: Emily and I parted for a few days, with great regret, for she had been everything to me during the weeks of my illness. The following extracts are from a letter I received from her, written in pencil, and begun in the train, as she was travelling to Boston. It shows the power of her sympathy and love, which, from her reserved and usually undemonstrative character, were often



little known. Emily's was pre-eminently a life of deeds more than of words.

"*In the Train, Saturday, 3.15.*—My poor darling, I am going to console myself by writing you a diary of all I do, till I send this off to-morrow. I have been making a great goose of myself to begin with, and arrived at the station with very red and watery eyes! . . . Happily I secured an empty carriage, and began to feel cooler and more composed; but as we passed the dear Vicarage, I espied the piece of roof lower than the rest, which covers your room, and fixed my eyes lovingly on the spot, under which I knew would be a figure draped in blue, and dissolved in tears, and somehow or other, I had a sympathetic cry with that much-loved figure." . . . On her arrival she gives details of wedding preparations, and of what she had been doing all the evening, and before going to bed she adds, "How many times I have wondered what you are doing, darling, and how often I have longed to come and see after that poor foot. . . . Now, darling, I must get to bed, fondly trusting that you are fast asleep, as it has just struck twelve.

"*Sunday Evening, 8.25.*—A nice sermon this morning from Canon B—— on Psalm xxxi. 5. After

dinner we went to see Bertie's church and house, with both of which I am charmed. Mr. S.'s sermon this evening, on 1 Tim. v. 24, was thoughtful. . . . I am feeling pretty well. My poor darling, I am thinking so much of to-morrow morning for you, knowing how trying the going off of all the party will be to you: but I know that *this* and *Tuesday* (the wedding-day), and every other specially trying day and hour, will have to be *specially thanked for* 'on beyond,' and so I can even bear to think of all my poor darling has to go through. May God Himself, who has ordered all this *in love*, support you, by enabling you to rest upon the assurance of His unchanging love. . . . I shall manage to squeeze time for a line to-morrow, though there is so much to be done. Good-bye, my darling! May God be very present with you, *so that you may have no longing even*, to be anywhere, but just where He has placed you, under the shadow of His wing! —Your own loving, EM."

On the day of the wedding, Emily was full of life and spirits, making herself everywhere useful, though by no means free from pain. The next day she was unable to leave her bed, and could not

return home till the following week, when I was rejoiced to have her back ; and she resumed at once her office of nurse. It was while I was still in my room, that Emily's little book, "Baby Messengers," came out. I well remember her bringing me a copy, with my name written in it, and on opening it, I found that, without my knowledge, she had dedicated the little book to me. It was during this year that most of our temperance tales for mothers' meetings were printed. In the autumn they were bound up in one volume, as "*Tales from Life.*" *

Of this book, the Rector's wife at Benington writes—"We are so thankful to have known her: I believe she has done real good in our parish. She took Benington by storm, and it has been most touching and interesting to find how her little book, '*Tales from Life,*' has been greedily read. They know it was a joint composition, but *they* only knew one sister."

This same month (June 1880) Emily again went to Boston, to address our friend Mr. Cheney

* These were gospel temperance tales written from our own experience among the poor, and published by Tubbs and Brook, Market Street, Manchester.

Garfit's Bible-class. She spoke to eighty young men, taking for her subject "The bright city," from Rev. xxi. 10. One of her audience, a guard on the line, said to one of our brothers afterwards, "She will have a number of jewels in her crown, for she always spoke right to a man's heart." Never weary of work for her Master, she went, at her kind host, Dr. Mercer Adam's request, to the hospital. And there, after her own meeting, she held a little service in the men's ward. Besides all this, she attended two services at the parish church. This was the sort of Sunday she thoroughly enjoyed. It took her out of herself, and made her feel that life was worth living, in spite of suffering. May the messages thus given prove as good seed, bringing forth hereafter a rich harvest, when sower and reaper will rejoice together in Eternity!

CHAPTER IX.

1880.

Anxiety for one given to Drink—Letters to him—Bible-class at Boston—Illness of our Mother—Visit to Bridlington Quay—Meetings at the Sailors' Bethel—Men's Meetings recommenced—Visits to London and to Norwood—Meeting at Welcome Hall—Address to Senior Band of Hope—Attack of Jaundice—Increased Suffering.

PARISH work must ever bring with it many anxious cases: our work was no exception to the rule. One, which deeply interested my dear sister during the last two years of her life, was that of a young tradesman, who, with excellent abilities, was ruining himself by his intemperate habits. For a time he would abstain from drink, come to church, and apparently start afresh: then temptation would prove too strong for him, and he would break out again. One winter he had to take refuge in the Union, and there Emily continued to visit him, pleading earnestly with and for him. God grant he may yet be brought to a better mind, and some

day meet her, who strove so fervently for his salvation! Occasionally she wrote to him; extracts from some of these letters may be given. The first is written just after she had persuaded him to try the "*Cinchona Rubra*,"* thinking that it might help him to give up his besetting sin.

It is dated :—

"ELKINGTON HALL, *August 21, 1879.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I must send you a line to tell you how much I am thinking of you, and praying for you, that what you are now trying may be really effectual. . . .

"I thought of you in reading the text yesterday, 'Quit you like men, be strong.' Let us remember that the only way to be really strong, is to be 'strong in the strength which Jesus gives.' Seek *that* strength, my friend. I am seeking it for you. I hope to see you early next week.—I remain,
Your true and prayerful friend,

"EMILY STREATFEILD."

Again, from the same place, hearing that plenty of sugar was good for those who were trying to give

* A medicine which often enables inebriates to lose the longing for strong drink.

up strong drink, she writes to urge him to try it, and adds—

“I am not forgetting to pray for you. My text for you to-day shall be this, ‘*He* delivered me from *my strong enemy*, and from them which hated me, *for they were too strong for ME*’ (Ps. xviii. 17). You have proved the latter part of the verse, and found that your enemy is too strong for *you*; now try if God is not stronger than the enemy, and by God’s grace, you too will be able to say, *He delivered me*.—I remain, Your true friend,

“EMILY STREATFEILD.

“ELKINGTON HALL, *August* 1879.”

Again, from Trinity Vicarage she writes to him about his seat in church, and adds—

“You will find the verse I mentioned in Psalm xxii. 29, where David says that ‘no man can keep alive his own soul;’ no wonder then that he cries in Psalm xxv. 20, ‘O keep my soul.’ I am going to ask you, when you are alone in your room to-night, to read carefully and *prayerfully* Psalm cxxi., in which there is again the thought of God Himself keeping us from evil, &c. I am praying

that you may find a blessing in the reading of that Psalm, and that you may indeed to-night, and for ever, give yourself wholly up to the keeping of that best Friend and Saviour, who will never refuse those who seek His help.—I remain,

“Your true friend,

“EMILY STREATFEILD.”

On the 28th of August 1880, Emily again went to Boston, to take Mr. C. Garfit's Bible-class. She spoke to sixty-six men, addressing them from Isaiah xii. 2, taking three points—1. God, my *salvation*; 2. God, my *strength*; 3. God, my *song*.

She stayed with our brother Bertram, her first and only visit to him, in his new Vicarage! On that very Sunday, our dear mother was taken ill with erysipelas, making us very anxious, for at her age, such an attack was serious. Directly Emily heard of it, she returned home, and great was my thankfulness to have her with me as my fellow-nurse; her calm, bright, hopeful, self-reliant nature, being a great rest and strength in a sick-room. Though not in actual danger, our dear mother was very ill for some days; gradually, however, she recovered, though in looking back, we see that this

illness was the beginning of the end, which came at last so rapidly, and which was hastened by dear Emily's death. As soon as our dear invalid was well enough to be moved, we went for change of air to Bridlington in Yorkshire. Here our brother Bertram and his wife joined us for a week, adding greatly to the pleasure of the visit. Other friends from Lincolnshire were also staying at Bridlington, and while there we renewed our acquaintance with the Rev. T. Spratt, a C.M.S. missionary, and his wife. With these friends we made several expeditions, one being to the caves and lighthouse at Flamborough Head, with which we were much pleased. Emily afterwards took the subject of "the lighthouse" for an address to our men's meeting at Louth, making a large illustration of it, and bringing out many spiritual lessons from it. This address, we were told, greatly impressed those who heard it.

Mr. Spratt introduced us to the Sailors' Bethel at Bridlington, a place in which, three times a week, the sailors meet to hold a service. Emily took this meeting twice, and much enjoyed it: I took it once. After her death Canon Disbrowe told us, that at the conclusion of one of dear Emily's addresses at the Bethel, a sailor who was present said, "Since I

which seemed to be increasing. It was then in the silence of the night, and I feel sure after much prayer, that she determined on the following day, to consult a doctor in London, who had been strongly recommended to her by a friend. He gave her hope of relief, if she would put herself for a time under his treatment. This, as we shall see, she did later on.

During the few days we spent at Norwood, before returning home, Emily, who was always ready for work, in spite of suffering, addressed the meeting at the Welcome Hall on Sunday afternoon. She was pleased to see many of our old friends amongst her audience. On this occasion she took one of her favourite subjects, "The bright city," from Rev. xxi. 10, dividing it into six heads:—"1. The bright city; 2. Its inhabitants; 3. The occupations of the city; 4. The way to the city; 5. Hindrances by the way; 6. Helps by the way."

The following evening the first meeting of the Senior Band of Hope was to be held in the Gipsy Hill school-room, and no speaker had been as yet found to give the address. Emily was asked to do so, and never able to refuse any opportunity of usefulness, she consented, taking for her subject: "A

foe, and how to fight it." She spoke of the enemy, drink, which robbed men of *money, home comforts, health, character, time, natural affections*, and of *Heaven*, illustrating each point with examples of cases she had herself known. During the last part of the address, she dealt with *the only true way* of meeting this terrible foe.

A lady who was present, and who had never heard Emily speak before, told me she had been delighted with the power of her address, and with the force and clearness with which she spoke. Her very practical mind often enabled her to put old truths in a new and clearer light: as the working men used to say,—“She makes everything so clear and plain to us.” Blessed power, when used as hers was, to make plain the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ! Her subjects were always carefully prepared, usually before breakfast, and written out very neatly, in a few notes on a half sheet of paper, folded in her Bible. Her bright, genial manner, and apt illustrations, helped to fasten her words on the minds of her hearers, and made them often feel her addresses to be only too short. As one woman said, “We felt as if we could have sat all night to hear her.” Without any deep

heard that lady speak, my idea of religion is quite changed: before, I thought it was something to do, and something to be sad about; now I see it is quite different." How many will she meet hereafter whom she thus unconsciously helped! Emily very much enjoyed these little informal services, and went to them several times when others took them. We also made the acquaintance of some very godly sailors, and had some interesting conversations with them, especially with one, who is the inventor of a new life-boat, and whose life is a bright example of practical Christianity.


Emily's unselfishness during this visit I can never forget. A good band, (her special delight,) played twice every day in the Gardens: but knowing that music rather tried my head, she constantly gave up part of the performance, sometimes all, that she might come and be with me, fearing I should be lonely.

On the 13th of October we returned to Louth, our dear mother being much refreshed by the sea-breezes. The week of our return home I find the record of much parish work done by dear Emily, and many cottages visited, in preparation for the men's meetings about to recommence. On Satur-

day afternoon the record in her diary is, "Visited five public-houses; very well received: spoke to a good many men." Seed sown, doubtless, the fruit of which will only be known at the Great Harvest-Day!

On the 18th of October we began again our men's meetings, which had been discontinued for the summer months. That first evening I took the address, Emily leading the singing, and taking the final prayer. We little thought how few meetings we should ever be privileged to take *together* again! Truly we began them in happy ignorance of the sad months to follow; when God took the teaching into His own Hands, and taught us all lessons that can never be forgotten.

The following day Emily and I went to London for a fortnight. While there, dear Emily's sufferings, which for many months past had been almost incessant, became more than usually severe. Once in the course of twenty-four hours, while going about as usual, she had three terrible paroxysms of pain, the last occurring in the middle of the night. I well remember, how, when this last attack was over, she asked me what I thought of her once more seeking medical aid, at least to allay the pain,



which seemed to be increasing. It was then in the silence of the night, and I feel sure after much prayer, that she determined on the following day, to consult a doctor in London, who had been strongly recommended to her by a friend. He gave her hope of relief, if she would put herself for a time under his treatment. This, as we shall see, she did later on.

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learning, she was an intelligent, attractive, and winning speaker.

On November the 2nd, we returned to Louth, and settled down to our busy, happy, home life. This autumn, as in previous years, Emily helped our brother Sidney by taking, once a week, the girls who were candidates for confirmation. To her sorrow, she this year missed two of these classes, through absence from home. About a week after our return from London, Emily was taken ill with a severe attack of jaundice. As usual, she bore the suffering most patiently; but the pain was great, and to her disappointment, she was too ill to be present at the annual Church Missionary Sale, to which she always looked forward. This little disappointment she received, as she did all the crosses of her life, from a loving Father's Hand, who knew best what was good for her. She used to say, "When I specially want to go anywhere, I am sure to be laid aside; it is part of the '*all things*'"—"her needed discipline," she would often call it.

In very large letters she had illuminated two texts for her room. One was "God is Love," which she placed over the fire-place, where her eyes would rest on it when she woke in the morning. To our faith-

ful servant Mary, she said, "I have put that text, 'God is Love,' where I can see it directly I awake : sometimes amidst all the aches and pains of the day, it is difficult to realise it, so I like to have it always in sight." Over the window was the other text, which she always called "her special text," because it was such a constant help to her, "My times are in Thy Hands." She had not decided, she said, what to place over the door. She wanted something practical to help her in her daily life. She had thought of "Ye are My witnesses," but she had not finally chosen the words. The space was left vacant to the last.

All this autumn of 1880, life was becoming terribly wearisome to my darling sister, from much increased suffering. Several times during those last months, she spoke to me of life having become "such a burden ;" once she said she thought she must shut herself up in a dark room for the remainder of her life, and submit to be an invalid. But it was all borne with her usual sweet patience, and when the paroxysms of pain passed away, her brightness would return, and only her worn look of suffering told what she endured. To a friend about this time she said, "I am seldom now out of pain ; sometimes when I

am asked to sing, I look at the piano and wonder how I shall cross the room to it, the pain is so bad, but I go and sing, and nobody knows!" She had the most marvellous power of self-control, so that only those who knew her best, realised how much she suffered, and I now believe that even we did not know the half. I have known her to be the life of a party of young friends, only confessing to me afterwards, that "she had been in pain all the time, and sometimes hardly knew how to bear it." Once in speaking to a sister-in-law about her favourite cat "Tim," a very special pet, she said, it was growing so old that she feared the time would soon come for her to give it a morphia pill;* and she added, "*How* I wish I might take one myself!" To another friend she said, "Were it not for my dear mother and Etta, I should long to go Home, for the thought of the future, with all this terrible suffering, almost appals me."

Her loving Father saw that it would be too much for her; she had bravely fought the fight long enough: and in tender love, He was about to take her Home to Himself.

* This old favourite is still alive (August 1882).

CHAPTER X.

1880.

Visit of Rev. R. Wolfe, from China—Workers' Prayer-Meeting—
Parish Work—Letter to Eveline—Love of Animals—Baptism
of a Working Man—Birthday Letter—Christmas Eve—Visit
to an Invalid Friend—Close of Year.

THE month of November has, for years past, been memorable to the congregation of Holy Trinity, Louth, for the advent of some earnest labourer from distant mission fields, who comes to speak and preach at the annual Church Missionary gatherings. This visit is looked forward to by all who are interested in missionary work, as one of the great events of the parochial year. This year (1880) we were privileged to receive at the Vicarage, that devoted missionary from China, the Rev. R. Wolfe. Greatly we enjoyed our three days' intercourse with him, and fresh interest was awakened in our minds for the intelligent, and yet benighted Chinese

people. Emily much enjoyed his visit, his deep spirituality finding an echo in her heart. On the evening of the Missionary meeting, Emily went first to the Mission Room, where she gave an address to forty working-men; and then came on to the Missionary meeting in the schoolroom, bringing some of the men with her.

It was about this time that she read, with much interest, the Life of Bishop Selwyn. She was greatly struck with the following pithy sentence:—"Christian workers need to have the *zeal* of the fisherman, the *love* of the shepherd, and the *wisdom* of the builder." This thought, at our next little workers' prayer-meeting, (it being her turn to speak,) she amplified, and worked out most beautifully, showing *how* each quality was needed by every worker for God. All present felt it to be a practical word of help; and I remember at the time being struck with the spirituality of her remarks. Of that prayer-meeting, a lady who was present, writes,—“I cannot forget the quiet, trusting, *restful* tone of her voice at the last prayer-meeting, when she asked, that if any of us should be laid aside this winter from active work, it might not be a time of selfish indolence, but of earnest work for

the Master in the vineyard of our own hearts, and so of preparation for higher service."

Directly my sister recovered from her attack of jaundice, though still far from strong, she threw herself with her usual energy into parish work, taking the men's meetings, and visiting them at their homes. All who saw her, however, noticed how ill and worn she looked. The *look* of suffering on her face was very marked from this time. A friend tells me, that, one evening in the early winter, she was so especially struck with dear Emily's brightness, that she thought she must be feeling better. They were returning from a communicants' meeting, and as they stood at the Vicarage gate to say good-night, this friend whispered, "Are you suffering less?" Emily turned to her quickly, saying in a low voice, "Life is hardly worth living for the pain." *Yet* she was able to be so bright, and to enter into the interests of all around her.

Surprising as it may seem, considering how much she suffered, Emily retained to the last her wonderful power of nerve. This power was severely taxed about this time, when, at the urgent request of a poor woman, Emily was with her through a very painful operation. From ten in the morn-

ing till ten at night, Emily remained with her, only returning home for an hour or two in the afternoon. Her presence seemed to bring comfort and strength to the sufferer, and though much exhausted herself, she would not leave the house till she had made the invalid comfortable for the night.

Sending her niece Eveline a copy of Miss Havergal's "Morning Stars," Emily writes:—

"MY DARLING EVIE,—The kind friend, Miss Havergal, who wrote your 'Morning Bells' and 'Little Pillows,' wrote another little book just before she died, for the morning readings of her young friends, and she was meaning, had she lived, to write another for the evenings. I send you by this post the little book, and I feel sure you will like it as much as your old friends, which I think you must know by heart, by this time! I know you will read it every morning, and I hope you will find that the little 'Morning Star' will help to brighten every day.—Ever, darling, Your loving Godmother,

"AUNTIE EM."

It was about this time that she finished painting

her last set of cards, a very lovely one; flowers, covered with snow, with appropriate texts. The publisher who bought them has, since her death, written for fresh designs from the same hand. During November she also wrote her last tract, "Found on a Doorstep," it being the true account of what happened on Easter Day 1878. She told me that writing it brought back all the circumstances, and made her long to know more about the young man's present life.

This would hardly be a faithful record of my dear sister's character, were no mention made of her great love for animals; cats and donkeys being the special favourites. She was devoted to the cat referred to in the last chapter, and the faithful creature, (a friend of twelve years,) warmly returned her affection, coming up every morning to call her, following her everywhere about the house, and sitting on the table by her while she painted, worked, or wrote. When she was ill, the cat would lie all day on her bed, content only to be near her. Often in the street, Emily would stop to stroke and speak to a costermonger's donkey, or to beg children not to tease some poor animal. Any cruelty to a dumb creature made her quite miser-

able. After some trouble, she persuaded those in authority, to provide an extra horse to drag the heavy loads up the hill, which passed our house at Norwood, to the Crystal Palace. She belonged to the Anti-Vivisection Society, feeling strongly on the subject, which she often discussed with medical men. Some years before her death, she had printed a little leaflet, called "A New Year's Greeting to Medical Men." This she sent to every doctor she knew of. She felt a special interest in the medical profession, having been under the treatment of many doctors, from all of whom she had received unvarying kindness.

On Monday, December 6th, Emily gave her address on "The Lighthouse and its Lessons," to our men's meeting, from Matt. v. 14-16. She painted a large lighthouse to hang on the wall, in order that those who had never seen one, might understand it better. The same day, in the afternoon, dear Emily stood as witness at the baptism of a working-man, who, two years before, had been led to the Saviour by her means. He had never been baptized, and she had had much talk with him on the subject.

This event caused her great thankfulness and joy.

I was to have been a co-witness, but was unable from neuralgia to leave the house.

Emily's diary tells this month of incessant work ; singing at a Band of Hope meeting, visiting cottages and public-houses, and taking meetings, &c., all done so brightly and cheerfully, that even those who knew her best, little imagined *how much* the effort cost her. No persuasions, however, would induce her to rest : her strong will and high spirit, her keen sense of duty, together with the privilege and joy she ever felt it, to be about her Father's business, carried her bravely through all fatigue and suffering.

On the 15th December, I went to Skirbeck, to spend a week with my brother Bertram, in his new home, which I had never seen. As usual, I heard from my darling sister every day, and on my birthday, although the very day of my return home, I received precious birthday letters, both from my dear mother and Emily. How little I then imagined, that, in three short months, both these dear ones would be in their Father's Home above ! In what tender love and mercy is the future veiled from our sight ! Emily writes :—

“TRINITY VICARAGE, December 20, 1880.

“MY DARLING ETTA,—Just a line of love for your birthday, though I hope I shall see you before it is over. May every blessing be yours through the coming year! I was thinking of you in connection with your patron saint, St. Thomas, and felt how much we might learn from his failure of faith; not that you and I are likely to disbelieve in the same *way* as he did; but would it not be *worse* in us, after the light of eighteen hundred years, to doubt in the least degree our Master's *love, wisdom, or power*, than it was in St. Thomas to doubt His *identity*? May we then hear His voice, saying, ‘Be not faithless, but believing,’ and may we be helped to believe and feel, that,—(knowing that He has the whole arrangement of every little event of our lives in His Hands,)— *whatever is, is best.*

“And now just a message from my St. Thomas (à Kempis):—‘When a man comes to such a pitch of holiness, as not to seek consolation from any created thing, then God begins to satisfy him with His sweetness; and after that, he is well contented to let things take their course.’

“There really is nothing to tell you since yester-

day. We had a nice sermon in the evening from Micah v. 4. The morning one on prophecy was useful, and interesting to some. I had a good day yesterday till the evening, but during the sermon the pain was so bad, I almost thought I must have come out; however, it gradually went away, and I managed to stay. I am feeling very well to-day. The decorating begins to-day: I begin in the study to-morrow. I am longing to see you back. Love to the dear young people.—Your very loving

“EM.”

On returning home, I found awaiting my arrival the “Life of Frances Ridley Havergal,” a joint present from my dear mother and Emily, the last I was ever to receive.

On Christmas Eve, hearing that a friend was spending her Christmas tide alone, her husband being unexpectedly called away, dear Emily left the home circle, and went to try and cheer her. My dear sister’s very social nature made her full of sympathy for all lonely ones. This friend thus writes to me of that evening: “I long to tell you how, on Christmas Eve, your darling sister told me of your happy home: her heart seemed positively

overflowing with enthusiastic love for you all!" This lady spoke to me afterwards of the delight of that evening, and of Emily's sweetness and brightness. She had said to her, that people sometimes wondered she had never married, but that she had everything she needed in her home; that no one could have a happier home, or be richer in love than she was. With this strong love of her home, and possessing so much family affection, it may seem strange, at first sight, that she should have longed so ardently for the Home above. But so it was! Her love to her Saviour was stronger than all else; and she thoroughly believed, and rejoiced in the thought, that all sanctified earthly love would be continued and perfected in the life beyond. In speaking to an invalid friend of this longing for the eternal Home, and yet of her desire to have *no will* on the subject, she once quoted those lines of Faber's—

"I wish to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee."

Then, with one of her very bright smiles, she added—

"And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be."

He who sees and knows every thought of the heart, was about to give her her heart's desire.

On Christmas Day, Emily and I, for the last time on earth, received the holy communion *together* at half-past nine in the morning. After the service in the afternoon, she and I, according to our usual custom, went to spend an hour with our dear friend Miss Iles, who had been for many years an invalid. We generally sought thus to shed a ray of light from the outer world on her Christmas Day. It was the last Christmas tide either of them was to spend on earth. In love this was hidden from us!

The last week in the year records much parish work, cottage-visiting, &c.

We were also engaged, during these last weeks of the year, in preparing for a sale of work, to clear off a debt, incurred on the new buildings at the schools. As an extra attraction, an amusing art-gallery, was also in course of preparation; this Emily chiefly undertook, bringing her fertile imagination and sense of fun into full play for the occasion. Most clever and humorous were some of the designs suggested by Sidney and herself, all being carried out by her ingenious fingers. Thus, in busy pre-

paration for the sale, and in parish work, the year ended.

Emily had had less pain for a week or two, and so was full of thankfulness; and our chief anxiety at the close of the year, was the growing feebleness of our dear mother, whose failing health was but too apparent to us all. She was fully convinced that her time with us would be short, and our hearts were sad, as we thought of the future, without that loving, unselfish, and beloved presence, which for so many years, had been the centre of every home and family interest. How little we thought that the young life would be called Home first!

In my sister's diary for the last evening of the year, I find the following entry:—

"Special service for close of year. Sidney preached from Psalm cxxxix. 1. Visited old Wake-lin." And then, as a sort of summing up of the year's mercies, she adds, "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice" (Ps. lxiii. 7). Fit conclusion to a year of much suffering, and also of much grace, strength, and communion, vouchsafed day by day! How much deeper would have been her thankful joy, had she known that in six weeks all her suffer-

ing and conflict would be over, and that she would be at rest "for ever with the Lord."

Still, without this knowledge, she was able calmly and trustfully to enter upon another year, a year which she believed would be one of constant pain. Her abiding and perfect confidence in her heavenly Father's *love*, *wisdom*, and *power* carried her through all, and made her the bright sunbeam she ever was.

CHAPTER XI.

JAN. 1881.

Entry in Diary for 1881—New Year's Cards—Letter to Working-Man—Address to Men—Sale at Schoolroom—Her Last Address.

ON the blank page, at the beginning of my dear sister's diary for 1881, are the following lines. They will show the spirit with which she entered upon a new and untried year, the last she was to begin on earth. I do not know whose lines they are :—

“What will the new year bring to me?
Joys and sorrows I both can see.
Put away dark memories all,
To fear is nearly half to fall;
Meet each hour as it comes to thee:
And end it with a hearty ‘Thanks be.’”

“My times are in Thy Hand (Ps. xxxi. 15),
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.”

Emily much liked the custom of sending to

friends Christmas and New Year's cards: she generally sent them, accompanied by some bright word of help or comfort. These cards were carefully chosen, with words suitable to each person. A young friend who received one on this last New Year's Eve, has kindly lent it to me to copy. The card is a pretty one with these words on it, "May your heart sing through the coming year!" On the paper in which it is folded, are these words, in my sister's writing:—"With best wishes for a happy, holy new year, spent in the Master's service, from Emily Streatfeild.—New Year's Eve, 1880."

Thus, even an ordinary custom was made use of by dear Emily, to convey a message of loving help.

Her first letter, written on New Year's morning, was to a working-man in whom we were interested, and who was causing us much anxiety:—

"HOLY TRINITY VICARAGE,
New Year's Day, 1881.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—This is the first time I have taken up my pen this year, and it is to beg of you to ask God to help you to spend a better year than the last has been. You know that there has been

much sin in the year 1880, and that many of the good resolutions you made at the beginning of it have been broken. Will you not, at the beginning of *this* year, confess your weakness to God, and ask Him to give you strength? 'I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God,' David says; and if he needed God's strength, much more do you. Oh my friend, if your dear mother could have seen you during the past year, how grieved she would have been! For the sake of her memory, and her love to you, I beseech you to turn from your sins to seek God. Ask Him to forgive the past, and to give you grace for the future.

"We have missed you for several weeks from the meetings, and your place in church is always empty. Will you not begin the new year afresh? Come to church to-morrow, even if you have only shabby clothes, and come to the meeting on Monday. Believe me, we do not forget you, and often pray for you; and I have been many times to knock at your door, but you have been out.—I am,

"Your true friend,

"EMILY STREATFEILD."

My sister was unable to be at church the first

Sunday in the year owing to a very severe cold, but on the following day, although far from well, she helped to arrange the room for the school sale, which was fixed for the 4th of January, and in the evening gave the address at the Mission Room to forty working men, from Jeremiah v. 25-31. This she insisted on doing, fearing lest I should be overdone with the sale the next day.

The following day Emily had no voice, and was feeling very far from well, but bravely she went through the day, appearing bright and cheerful, although with a great effort. This disappointment (and disappointment it was, after all the trouble she had taken in the preparation) was borne with her usual sweet patience, as being part of the "needed discipline." The work had all to be packed away that night, that the schoolroom might be ready for the next morning, and we were busy till eleven o'clock. Ill as Emily felt, she would remain to assist me till the very last. For several days she continued far from well, but on Monday the 10th she again addressed the men's meeting from St. John vi. 28-38. Her divisions were: 1. Whom to believe; 2. What to believe; 3. Why to believe; and 4. When to believe.

This meeting she took out of her turn, because it had been arranged that she should that week go to London, with our dear mother, to be under medical treatment.

Those who heard her that evening, little thought that they were listening for the last time to her loving, pleading invitations to come to the Saviour: Yet so it was! It may be, they would have paid more earnest heed to the loving words she spoke, had they known that they were never again to have that bright presence among them.

And here I would fain pause before entering on the record of the last few weeks in London, weeks of great suffering and suspense, yet a season, doubtless, when her character received its final chiselling.

The Refiner's fire was to purify her still more before she came forth "perfect through suffering." During those quiet weeks in London, alone with our dear mother, shut out by weather from all outward influences, Emily doubtless learnt more of her own emptiness, and more of the preciousness of her Saviour. May we not believe that her prayer, at our last prayer-meeting, was answered in her

own case; and that during that final time of suffering, God was, by His Holy Spirit, working mightily in her heart, purifying her, and fitting her, as she had herself prayed, for future work, even for His perfect service above?

CHAPTER XII.

JAN., FEB., 1881.

Severe Weather—Journey to London—Letter—Courage under Suffering—Letter—Box of Flowers—Extracts—Her Last Letter—Removal to Cleveland Square—Drive—Illness—Death—Funeral.

THE weather at the beginning of the year 1881 was, it may be remembered, unusually severe, the commencement in fact of that long and trying frost which lasted for so many weeks. I had a strong wish that the journey to London should be postponed, having a strange and unaccountable presentiment of coming sorrow; I felt also that the severe cold would be very trying to my dear mother. Emily sought in her bright way to remove my fears; and once when I spoke to her of my dread of this London visit, answered me earnestly, "Well, if *I* never do come back, will you grudge me the rest?" Our dear mother was hopeful about the

journey, feeling, as she said, that "she should die happier if she had made one more effort to relieve her child's sufferings."

Two days before they left home, Emily had a long afternoon's visiting in the parish, going to several cottages, and to the coffee-house. It was her last active work, and she came home much exhausted, and did not leave the house the following day.

On Friday, the 14th of January, notwithstanding the continued severity of the weather, my dear mother and Emily started for London, Emily in very good spirits. A lady who travelled in the same carriage with them, remarked how full of life and brightness my dear sister was, and she added, "Had she known she was so near to her Heavenly Home, she could hardly have been brighter." I saw them off from the station, and as I watched the train move away, I little thought that I should never again on earth, see either of them in health and brightness. Yet, without any apparent reason, I felt unusually sad and depressed as I walked back to that home, which my darling Emily was never more to enter. The day after they left I had a few lines from Emily, written partly in the train, tell-

ing me of their warm and pleasant journey, and comfortable lodgings in Clarges Street; and she continues—

“I wonder what you are doing. I forgot to ask you your plans for the day, for I like to think where you are and what you are doing. You must not go much to visit the men; I really think they have been pretty well looked up. . . . Mind you tell us about little details; everything will interest us, especially about yourself, for you know, darling, . . . that you and I are only half ourselves, when we are absent from each other. I will write to you to-morrow. . . .—Your very, very loving EM.”

Daily letters followed, Emily's being chiefly full of the treatment which was evidently causing her much suffering. As usual, she bore it all brightly and bravely, and was much commended by the doctor for her courage. Once he told her that she deserved a medal, which pleased her. She bore pain wonderfully, often concealing what others would have called severe suffering, and what really was such to her extremely sensitive organism. She took it all, however, as the cross given her by the

Master, and once in speaking to the doctor about her constant suffering, added—"But I would not lift a finger to take away the pain." Dr. — told me afterwards, how, in his daily visits to her, he had been struck with her beautiful mind and her deep piety. There appeared to me in all her letters a tone of sadness, showing little hope of relief, in spite of the hopes of those around her. The only time she was allowed to leave the house, during the fortnight she remained in Clarges Street, was on the Sunday after her arrival, when she received the Holy Communion for the last time, going to the early service in Down Street. She also attended other churches, both morning and afternoon. After this Sunday, she was chiefly on the sofa, and she employed much of her time in reading. Hinton's "Mystery of Pain," a very favourite book, was re-read; and she also enjoyed Fosbery's "Voices of Comfort," "The Lives of the Saints," and other books, which were lent her by friends.

Friday, January the 22nd, was her birthday. In answer to my birthday greeting, she writes:—

"MY DARLING ETTA,—So many thanks for your dear, loving letter, the more valued as it is the *only*

birthday letter I have received, except a few lines from Ellen. I must hope that, as far as circumstances go, my year may not go on according to this beginning. With all my efforts I cannot feel cheerful, and being my birthday, makes it worse. . . . I am forbidden to go farther than from bed to sofa, and the uneasiness, and at times pain, prevents my wishing to get about. I fear, darling, you must be rather lonely: it seems a pity we cannot join forces for part of each day; it would be a boon for both! Thank you for your sweet card; the words are charming. . . . Dr. — evidently means me to spend most of my time on the sofa till my return! a pleasing prospect! However, we are still particularly comfortable, and mother and I are most happy together. Otherwise you would think I had drawn rather a dreary picture. It certainly is not what I should have chosen! but WHAT IS in one's life?—and YET the best!—Your very loving EM."

"January 22nd, 1881."

By that evening's post she received a box of lovely hot-house flowers, from a friend, who was wintering in Italy. This thoughtful kindness cheered her, and she greatly enjoyed the flowers;

those she had taken from home, "to brighten the room," being rather faded.

A day or two later, I sent my darling sister the text, "Whatsoever is right, I will give you," as a birthday motto. She was much pleased, and wrote to me most beautifully her thoughts about it; but, alas! this letter has been lost.

As I have said before, it was always dear Emily's custom to send me, when we were separated, helpful extracts from any book she was reading: two such extracts I received during this absence, and as they show the current of her thoughts during these last weeks, and may also be a message to others, I insert them here. The first was:—

"Have we said, Lord, Thou knowest that if it were given me to choose my own path, and order my own future, I would bring that dangerous gift, and place it in Thy Hands, and would say, 'Choose Thou for me?' If it is thus with us, and if we approve such a spirit of humility and distrust of ourselves as this, let us not shrink from the discipline of the life He is appointing for us. Let us take up the cross He lays upon us, and follow Him."
—*Rev. T. V. Fosbery.*

hour, which I think pleased him. I shall finish this to-morrow."

But she never finished it!

After spending a fortnight in Clarges Street—"a quietly happy time," my dear mother called it—she and Emily went to spend a week with our mother's sister in Cleveland Square, before returning home. All had gone well till then, and though Emily did not seem hopeful about herself, others were sanguine for her.

On the day of her arrival in Cleveland Square, she went out, in the afternoon, for a drive in the open carriage. The day was lovely, and she thought that the fresh air might do her good. She returned from the drive, however, in great suffering, expressing soon afterwards a wish to retire to her bed, from which she never rose again. The next three days were days of extreme agony, caused by internal inflammation, which constant sedatives failed to relieve. This turned to blood-poisoning, when all consciousness left the dear sufferer: and in spite of all medical aid, the frame, worn out by previous suffering, could not battle with the disease, and after a week of terrible pain, without one word of farewell, she

passed away to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Of that week, a very few details may be given : they are taken chiefly from the letter of a cousin staying in the house, who, till the trained nurse arrived, most kindly helped my dear mother in the sick-room. She says, "The evening Emily arrived in Cleveland Square, I went up with her, to help her to bed and to unpack ; she was then in great pain, but was so sweet, and grateful for any little thing I did for her. She said, 'To-morrow I hope to go over my things myself ; I must have my dear ones about me to look at. I am so far away from them now that I *could* not leave their faces behind me.' I took out for her that night what I saw, your photograph and Sidney's ; but she did not know it. 'Now, dear,' she said, 'will you give me my Bible by me. I am in too great pain to read to-night, and I must say a little prayer in bed : I can't sit up.' She had no sleep that night from the severity of the pain, and was in fearful agony all the following day. When I went to her in the morning she said to me, 'Will you put my photographs about me, and my Bible*

* Her Bible shows how truly she was a Bible student. It is marked from one end to the other, with connecting lines,

by my side? I can't do without them.' She asked that her letter to you might be sent, with an enclosure, (the extract already quoted,) adding, 'Do not say anything to frighten them; if I feel any better in the evening, I will write a little more.' But, dear Etta, her sufferings only increased, and as time went on, if she spoke at all, it was only to be sweet and thankful for anything that was done for her. On Wednesday morning she again asked for her Bible and photographs, and that was the last time, though I put them there till the table was removed. . . . The pain increased more and more up to Friday, when, as you know, she was unconscious."

The accounts I received from my dear mother so alarmed me, that on Friday, February 4th, I came up to Cleveland Square, finding my darling sister quite unconscious; and for the next three nights and days I shared the nursing with the trained nurse, and our faithful servant Emma. My cousin continues, "Just a little time before you arrived on Friday, Emily said in a very confused way, but with her own sweet smile, 'Etta is coming to-day; marginal notes and references, all printed in her own peculiarly neat way. It is a commentary in itself.

she cannot bear to be away from me when I am ill.' I said, 'Yes, darling, she will soon be here now,' when with one of her bright intelligent looks, she said, 'Yes.' She knew me then, and said my name, but she soon became unconscious, and wandered, asking if you had come yesterday. Amidst all her great pain, dear Emily was cheerful whenever it was possible, even making us smile more than once. . . . I cannot help thinking that this fearful sorrow has been in a measure lessened for you, by your not witnessing the *terrible* suffering. Surely this was mercifully spared you. . . . I had so looked forward to having a quiet, happy week with her, for she was always a help to me."

One gleam of consciousness returned on the Saturday morning, when dear Emily smiled at my dear mother, who was standing by the bed, and stroked her face. Then, turning to me on the other side of the bed, with one of her very bright smiles, she exclaimed, "Etta, darling!—this is nice! He (meaning the doctor) says I'm better. Have I been *very* ill?" Before I had finished answering her, unconsciousness returned; and only an occasional word of sense came from her lips afterwards, words, however, which caused us to hope, in spite of the

continued bad symptoms. Four of her brothers were telegraphed for, but she knew none of them. On Monday evening coma set in, and the trained nurse being worn out, Sidney and I, with our servant Emma, watched her through that last night, for we knew then, that our darling,—the sunshine of our hearts and of our home,—was dying.

Shortly before eight o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, February 8th, the breathing became calmer, and without a struggle, at three minutes to eight, our beloved one was at rest: "her warfare was accomplished;" her bright, useful, brave life on earth was over, and her new, joyous, painless, sinless life in Paradise had begun. She had winged her flight to the Home on which her heart had long been fixed.

"After the battle, victory,
And after victory, rest,
Like the beloved disciple
Upon the Saviour's breast."

—*Lyra Anglicana*.

As I bent to kiss my darling, I heard the words, "She was *such* a sister." It was the testimony of the four brothers, as they stood beside her: and my heart echoed it—for to none had she been *all* that she had been to me!

And so, to use the words of an old divine, "our Heavenly Father saw fit to put His child to bed in the dark." And though to some it may seem mysterious, that at the last, that active brain and bright intelligence should be clouded—that she, whose unwavering testimony had helped so many, should at the last, be unable to testify of the joys that awaited her, or of the comfort of her Saviour's presence in the dark valley, yet we know that "He doeth all things well;" and we can thank Him that no dying testimony was needed, for Emily's life had been a constant witness for Christ, and she was ready, whenever and however the Master chose to call her Home.

And may it not have been thus ordered, as a seal to all dear Emily's past teaching, which was emphatically not to put off repentance to a dying hour, but to come *at once* to the Saviour, and to spend the *whole life* in His blessed service. Truly her death confirmed this teaching, and showed the folly and danger of putting off to a death-bed, what ought to be the work of a life-time. This was forcibly exemplified by a conversation which took place, between two poor women at Louth, just after my dear sister's death. One who knew but little

ject for to-morrow is, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest,' taking it as the presence accompanying us through the new year. My heads are, 'His presence in *the heart, the home, the life*, and the *hour of death*. We are having such a lovely day; such sunshine. It is the Girls' Friendly Tea on Wednesday, and I have to sing! What are you deciding about staying or returning? Much as we long to see you, we cannot help thinking you are better away a little longer.—Your very loving

"EM."

These weeks of my absence were very busy ones to dear Emily. The Saturday afternoon described above, was a specimen of many such afternoons, and numerous were the cottage homes brightened by her presence during this winter. Every Monday evening she addressed large gatherings at the Mission Room, and greatly she enjoyed these opportunities of making known her Saviour's love to sinners. The meetings increased in numbers under her diligent care.

On the 5th of February I thankfully returned home, feeling much stronger, and work was again pleasantly shared between us.

CHAPTER VIII.

1879 AND 1880.

Visits to an Invalid—Love of Flowers—Painting—Brightness in spite of Suffering—Accident to Sister—Capacity for Nursing—Marriage of a Brother—Letter—"Baby Messengers"—"Tales from Life"—Men's Bible-class at Boston.

DURING the winter of 1879-1880, dear Emily constantly visited an invalid lady living near the Vicarage. This friend much enjoyed her bright and helpful visits, and her quick power of sympathy in all her suffering. She says, that one day, coming into her sick-room, like a sunbeam as she always did, Emily said, "This morning, in my reading, I came across a verse *specially for you!* 'The Lord's prisoners,' and I thought it would be good to be '*the Lord's prisoner.*'" Speaking to this same friend of Heaven, Emily once said, "I cannot think that Heaven is a place of inaction; I quite expect to be sent to other worlds with messages of love." This

thought she loved to dwell upon; often she spoke to me on the subject, sometimes adding, with one of her bright smiles, "And I hope even there, you and I will be sent to work *together!*" To work for God, without the earthly hindrances of sin, temptation, or weariness, was her idea of happiness. The friend referred to above, in writing to me afterwards, says—

"The card you send me is most precious, as indeed is anything I have, that is in any way connected with her memory. I had learned to love her much, and her constant visits to me last year will ever remain as bright spots in my memory. I know she longed to be with Jesus; how soon has He fulfilled her desire; and we can now think of her enjoying that perfect service without any hindrances. How brightly she must be shining *in* our Father's kingdom: she did shine brightly *for* Him down here! Do you remember talking to me one day last winter about her longing to die? I remember your saying she must think of *you*, and must try *not* to wish it. I cannot tell you how much I regret not having kept any of her letters; the enclosed is all I have. This she sent me last Easter with a card: it is very little, but to me it speaks *her* mind and recalls many of her sweet, bright talks with me,

of which I was privileged to have so many last year."

The paper alluded to above was sent with an Easter card, and on it were these words, characteristic of Emily :—

" May Easter joy and peace be yours, *though*—(or rather *because*)—it is given unto you to suffer for His sake.

" E. S.

" EASTER, 1880."

Emily would sometimes take flowers to this lady as she did to many invalids. Her love of flowers was a special trait in her character, and must not be omitted. It was her delight to pick and arrange nosegays for those who had no gardens, or to take them to the hospital, or to sick-rooms; she often gathered them when she ought to have been resting. She used to say that flowers always spoke to her in a *special* manner of God's *tender love*: they were not necessary to life, but were made to give us pleasure, and to add to our enjoyment. All her tastes, indeed, expressed a refinement of mind and a purity of heart that seemed to be part of her very nature.

One of Emily's greatest pleasures was painting

flowers, which she did in any spare time she had. A beautifully illuminated text was often her way of expressing her affection for her friends, or her sympathy in their sorrows.

In the summer of 1879, she published a set of illuminated markers, with Scripture words on them. The following year she published another set called, "Comforting Words for the Afflicted."* These, like the first, have had a large sale, and we believe that they have conveyed a word of comfort to many aching hearts. This ever seemed to be my dear sister's mission in life. Other sets of cards followed: one was called, "Festivals of the Church;" and another set, "Flowers Covered with Snow," with appropriate words from Scripture, is especially lovely. This set will be published shortly.† The money she obtained for these cards (from £9 to £12) has since her death been devoted to God's work in various parts, according to a request, written by her some years ago, that all money in her possession at the time of her death, should be so disposed of. It was her

* The first three sets are published by Campbell & Tudhope, Glasgow. 6d and 1s. a packet.

† The Snow Series will be published by B. Ollendorff, 53 Jewin Street, London, E.C.

custom through life to dedicate a tenth of all the money she received to God's service, feeling it to belong to God, rather than to herself. Often more than a tenth was given, but never less.

There was about dear Emily's whole manner and face a *peculiar* brightness. One lady said of her, "It was the happiest face I ever saw." Another said, "Many people smile, but hers was such a beaming face; there seemed a smile all over it." The testimony of another is, "Emily was the brightest Christian I ever met." One clergyman friend wrote of her, "I have such happy memories of your sister: she is imprinted on my mind as so attractive, from the fresh brightness of her whole manner and character. Truly she did not 'walk in darkness, but had the light of life.' *Light* seemed the characteristic of her life." A working man remarked to me, "I never saw her without a smile." And all this, it must be remembered, was said of one who was a *constant sufferer*. She told one friend, that sometimes, when the burden of life seemed greater than she could bear, she would go to her room for a little while, and there, alone with her Saviour, she would get the strength she needed to return to the family circle or to her work, brightly and bravely—no one

guessing the struggle which God alone had witnessed. But we saw the result, in the calm bright face and manner, and in the sweet unselfish temper and life. Nobly she fought the battle of life, "the joy of the Lord being her strength."

We had a happy Easter time—my godson, Henry H——, and our dear niece Eveline being with us. Into all the fun and merriment of the young people, dear Emily entered in her own spirited way, being always the life of the party. Eveline remained with us till June, and her visit was a great pleasure to us both. After Easter our dear mother went to Norwood, to see about the re-letting of Hurst Lodge. Alas! while there, we fear that she over-exerted herself: at least she was never really strong again. From that time we date her gradual decline, which was hastened no doubt, at last, by dear Emily's death.

In May I met with an accident, breaking my leg, and spraining my ankle very severely. Although confined to my room for eight weeks, often in much suffering, I look back upon those weeks as a time of much peace and rest. I remember one day a friend pitied me for being so long a prisoner; and my answer was, "It is a very happy time, I have so

much of Emily." From the moment of the accident, she became my devoted nurse, never leaving me night or day, except for an hour's walk daily. In a sick-room Emily was charming: she was very bright, quick, and decided, and yet so gentle. To our mother, still at Norwood, after describing progress, she writes, "I am in constant attendance, as you may fancy, and dress the foot with lotion every half-hour. . . Don't be unhappy: we are getting on capitally in our hospital, and you must not be anxious,—you know I am always in my element when nursing, especially in a surgical case."

From her daily walks, Emily would return full of amusing and interesting details. Such were her powers of observation and description, all used for the patients' benefit, that she always had something fresh and sparkling to tell. This would astonish our niece Eveline, who, having taken the same walk, would return and tell me she had seen "nothing particular!" I often now wonder whether my sister did not do too much during those first days of my utter helplessness and dependence upon her. Weeks afterwards she confessed, that one night, when awakened from sleep to attend to my foot, she almost fainted away: but this she never men-

tioned at the time. Her love, tenderness, and brightness were unflagging and untiring.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding this constant nursing, she continued to take the men's meetings for some weeks longer. On Whit-Monday, she gave them a service of song, carefully selected, and suitable for the season. This she occasionally did, to the delight of her audience.

On the 29th of May, a long-felt wish of ours was carried out: that a tea might be given to the returning militiamen, to help them to keep sober on their arrival in Louth. This was done, and after the tea, addresses were given by my brother Bertram, T. F. Allison, Esq., who had kindly lent the room, and by Emily.

While still a prisoner to my room, the marriage of my youngest brother Bertram took place at Boston: Emily and I parted for a few days, with great regret, for she had been everything to me during the weeks of my illness. The following extracts are from a letter I received from her, written in pencil, and begun in the train, as she was travelling to Boston. It shows the power of her sympathy and love, which, from her reserved and usually undemonstrative character, were often

little known. Emily's was pre-eminently a life of deeds more than of words.

"*In the Train, Saturday, 3.15.*—My poor darling, I am going to console myself by writing you a diary of all I do, till I send this off to-morrow. I have been making a great goose of myself to begin with, and arrived at the station with very red and watery eyes! . . . Happily I secured an empty carriage, and began to feel cooler and more composed; but as we passed the dear Vicarage, I espied the piece of roof lower than the rest, which covers your room, and fixed my eyes lovingly on the spot, under which I knew would be a figure draped in blue, and dissolved in tears, and somehow or other, I had a sympathetic cry with that much-loved figure." . . . On her arrival she gives details of wedding preparations, and of what she had been doing all the evening, and before going to bed she adds, "How many times I have wondered what you are doing, darling, and how often I have longed to come and see after that poor foot. . . . Now, darling, I must get to bed, fondly trusting that you are fast asleep, as it has just struck twelve.

"*Sunday Evening, 8.25.*—A nice sermon this morning from Canon B—— on Psalm xxxi. 5. After
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dinner we went to see Bertie's church and house, with both of which I am charmed. Mr. S.'s sermon this evening, on 1 Tim. v. 24, was thoughtful. . . . I am feeling pretty well. My poor darling, I am thinking so much of to-morrow morning for you, knowing how trying the going off of all the party will be to you: but I know that *this* and *Tuesday* (the wedding-day), and every other specially trying day and hour, will have to be *specially thanked for* 'on beyond,' and so I can even bear to think of all my poor darling has to go through. May God Himself, who has ordered all this *in love*, support you, by enabling you to rest upon the assurance of His unchanging love. . . . I shall manage to squeeze time for a line to-morrow, though there is so much to be done. Good-bye, my darling! May God be very present with you, *so that you may have no longing even*, to be anywhere, but just where He has placed you, under the shadow of His wing! —Your own loving, EM."

On the day of the wedding, Emily was full of life and spirits, making herself everywhere useful, though by no means free from pain. The next day she was unable to leave her bed, and could not

return home till the following week, when I was rejoiced to have her back; and she resumed at once her office of nurse. It was while I was still in my room, that Emily's little book, "Baby Messengers," came out. I well remember her bringing me a copy, with my name written in it, and on opening it, I found that, without my knowledge, she had dedicated the little book to me. It was during this year that most of our temperance tales for mothers' meetings were printed. In the autumn they were bound up in one volume, as "Tales from Life." *

Of this book, the Rector's wife at Benington writes—"We are so thankful to have known her: I believe she has done real good in our parish. She took Benington by storm, and it has been most touching and interesting to find how her little book, 'Tales from Life,' has been greedily read. They know it was a joint composition, but *they* only knew one sister."

This same month (June 1880) Emily again went to Boston, to address our friend Mr. Cheney

* These were gospel temperance tales written from our own experience among the poor, and published by Tubbs and Brook, Market Street, Manchester.

Garfit's Bible-class. She spoke to eighty young men, taking for her subject "The bright city," from Rev. xxi. 10. One of her audience, a guard on the line, said to one of our brothers afterwards, "She will have a number of jewels in her crown, for she always spoke right to a man's heart." Never weary of work for her Master, she went, at her kind host, Dr. Mercer Adam's request, to the hospital. And there, after her own meeting, she held a little service in the men's ward. Besides all this, she attended two services at the parish church. This was the sort of Sunday she thoroughly enjoyed. It took her out of herself, and made her feel that life was worth living, in spite of suffering. May the messages thus given prove as good seed, bringing forth hereafter a rich harvest, when sower and reaper will rejoice together in Eternity!

CHAPTER IX.

1880.

Anxiety for one given to Drink—Letters to him—Bible-class at Boston—Illness of our Mother—Visit to Bridlington Quay—Meetings at the Sailors' Bethel—Men's Meetings recommenced—Visits to London and to Norwood—Meeting at Welcome Hall—Address to Senior Band of Hope—Attack of Jaundice—Increased Suffering.

PARISH work must ever bring with it many anxious cases: our work was no exception to the rule. One, which deeply interested my dear sister during the last two years of her life, was that of a young tradesman, who, with excellent abilities, was ruining himself by his intemperate habits. For a time he would abstain from drink, come to church, and apparently start afresh: then temptation would prove too strong for him, and he would break out again. One winter he had to take refuge in the Union, and there Emily continued to visit him, pleading earnestly with and for him. God grant he may yet be brought to a better mind, and some

day meet her, who strove so fervently for his salvation! Occasionally she wrote to him; extracts from some of these letters may be given. The first is written just after she had persuaded him to try the "Cinchona Rubra,"* thinking that it might help him to give up his besetting sin.

It is dated :—

"ELKINGTON HALL, *August 21, 1879.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I must send you a line to tell you how much I am thinking of you, and praying for you, that what you are now trying may be really effectual. . . .

"I thought of you in reading the text yesterday, 'Quit you like men, be strong.' Let us remember that the only way to be really strong, is to be 'strong in the strength which Jesus gives.' Seek *that* strength, my friend. I am seeking it for you. I hope to see you early next week.—I remain, Your true and prayerful friend,

"EMILY STREATFEILD."

Again, from the same place, hearing that plenty of sugar was good for those who were trying to give

* A medicine which often enables inebriates to lose the longing for strong drink.

up strong drink, she writes to urge him to try it, and adds—

“I am not forgetting to pray for you. My text for you to-day shall be this, ‘*He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me, for they were too strong for me*’ (Ps. xviii. 17). You have proved the latter part of the verse, and found that your enemy is too strong for *you*; now try if God is not stronger than the enemy, and by God’s grace, you too will be able to say, *He delivered me*.—I remain, Your true friend,

“EMILY STREATFEILD.

“ELKINGTON HALL, August 1879.”

Again, from Trinity Vicarage she writes to him about his seat in church, and adds—

“You will find the verse I mentioned in Psalm xxii. 29, where David says that ‘no man can keep alive his own soul;’ no wonder then that he cries in Psalm xxv. 20, ‘O keep my soul.’ I am going to ask you, when you are alone in your room to-night, to read carefully and *prayerfully* Psalm cxxi., in which there is again the thought of God Himself keeping us from evil, &c. I am praying

that you may find a blessing in the reading of that Psalm, and that you may indeed to-night, and for ever, give yourself wholly up to the keeping of that best Friend and Saviour, who will never refuse those who seek His help.—I remain,

“Your true friend,

“EMILY STREATFEILD.”

On the 28th of August 1880, Emily again went to Boston, to take Mr. C. Garfit's Bible-class. She spoke to sixty-six men, addressing them from Isaiah xii. 2, taking three points—1. God, my *salvation*; 2. God, my *strength*; 3. God, my *song*.

She stayed with our brother Bertram, her first and only visit to him, in his new Vicarage! On that very Sunday, our dear mother was taken ill with erysipelas, making us very anxious, for at her age, such an attack was serious. Directly Emily heard of it, she returned home, and great was my thankfulness to have her with me as my fellow-nurse; her calm, bright, hopeful, self-reliant nature, being a great rest and strength in a sick-room. Though not in actual danger, our dear mother was very ill for some days; gradually, however, she recovered, though in looking back, we see that this

illness was the beginning of the end, which came at last so rapidly, and which was hastened by dear Emily's death. As soon as our dear invalid was well enough to be moved, we went for change of air to Bridlington in Yorkshire. Here our brother Bertram and his wife joined us for a week, adding greatly to the pleasure of the visit. Other friends from Lincolnshire were also staying at Bridlington, and while there we renewed our acquaintance with the Rev. T. Spratt, a C.M.S. missionary, and his wife. With these friends we made several expeditions, one being to the caves and lighthouse at Flamborough Head, with which we were much pleased. Emily afterwards took the subject of "the lighthouse" for an address to our men's meeting at Louth, making a large illustration of it, and bringing out many spiritual lessons from it. This address, we were told, greatly impressed those who heard it.

Mr. Spratt introduced us to the Sailors' Bethel at Bridlington, a place in which, three times a week, the sailors meet to hold a service. Emily took this meeting twice, and much enjoyed it: I took it once. After her death Canon Disbrowe told us, that at the conclusion of one of dear Emily's addresses at the Bethel, a sailor who was present said, "Since I

heard that lady speak, my idea of religion is quite changed: before, I thought it was something to do, and something to be sad about; now I see it is quite different." How many will she meet hereafter whom she thus unconsciously helped! Emily very much enjoyed these little informal services, and went to them several times when others took them. We also made the acquaintance of some very godly sailors, and had some interesting conversations with them, especially with one, who is the inventor of a new life-boat, and whose life is a bright example of practical Christianity.

Emily's unselfishness during this visit I can never forget. A good band, (her special delight,) played twice every day in the Gardens: but knowing that music rather tried my head, she constantly gave up part of the performance, sometimes all, that she might come and be with me, fearing I should be lonely.

On the 13th of October we returned to Louth, our dear mother being much refreshed by the sea-breezes. The week of our return home I find the record of much parish work done by dear Emily, and many cottages visited, in preparation for the men's meetings about to recommence. On Satur-

day afternoon the record in her diary is, "Visited five public-houses; very well received: spoke to a good many men." Seed sown, doubtless, the fruit of which will only be known at the Great Harvest-Day!

On the 18th of October we began again our men's meetings, which had been discontinued for the summer months. That first evening I took the address, Emily leading the singing, and taking the final prayer. We little thought how few meetings we should ever be privileged to take *together* again! Truly we began them in happy ignorance of the sad months to follow; when God took the teaching into His own Hands, and taught us all lessons that can never be forgotten.

The following day Emily and I went to London for a fortnight. While there, dear Emily's sufferings, which for many months past had been almost incessant, became more than usually severe. Once in the course of twenty-four hours, while going about as usual, she had three terrible paroxysms of pain, the last occurring in the middle of the night. I well remember, how, when this last attack was over, she asked me what I thought of her once more seeking medical aid, at least to allay the pain,

which seemed to be increasing. It was then in the silence of the night, and I feel sure after much prayer, that she determined on the following day, to consult a doctor in London, who had been strongly recommended to her by a friend. He gave her hope of relief, if she would put herself for a time under his treatment. This, as we shall see, she did later on.

During the few days we spent at Norwood, before returning home, Emily, who was always ready for work, in spite of suffering, addressed the meeting at the Welcome Hall on Sunday afternoon. She was pleased to see many of our old friends amongst her audience. On this occasion she took one of her favourite subjects, "The bright city," from Rev. xxi. 10, dividing it into six heads:—"1. The bright city; 2. Its inhabitants; 3. The occupations of the city; 4. The way to the city; 5. Hindrances by the way; 6. Helps by the way."

The following evening the first meeting of the Senior Band of Hope was to be held in the Gipsy Hill school-room, and no speaker had been as yet found to give the address. Emily was asked to do so, and never able to refuse any opportunity of usefulness, she consented, taking for her subject: "A

foe, and how to fight it." She spoke of the enemy, drink, which robbed men of *money, home comforts, health, character, time, natural affections*, and of *Heaven*, illustrating each point with examples of cases she had herself known. During the last part of the address, she dealt with *the only true way* of meeting this terrible foe.

A lady who was present, and who had never heard Emily speak before, told me she had been delighted with the power of her address, and with the force and clearness with which she spoke. Her very practical mind often enabled her to put old truths in a new and clearer light: as the working men used to say,—“She makes everything so clear and plain to us.” Blessed power, when used as hers was, to make plain the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ! Her subjects were always carefully prepared, usually before breakfast, and written out very neatly, in a few notes on a half sheet of paper, folded in her Bible. Her bright, genial manner, and apt illustrations, helped to fasten her words on the minds of her hearers, and made them often feel her addresses to be only too short. As one woman said, “We felt as if we could have sat all night to hear her.” Without any deep

learning, she was an intelligent, attractive, and winning speaker.

On November the 2nd, we returned to Louth, and settled down to our busy, happy, home life. This autumn, as in previous years, Emily helped our brother Sidney by taking, once a week, the girls who were candidates for confirmation. To her sorrow, she this year missed two of these classes, through absence from home. About a week after our return from London, Emily was taken ill with a severe attack of jaundice. As usual, she bore the suffering most patiently; but the pain was great, and to her disappointment, she was too ill to be present at the annual Church Missionary Sale, to which she always looked forward. This little disappointment she received, as she did all the crosses of her life, from a loving Father's Hand, who knew best what was good for her. She used to say, "When I specially want to go anywhere, I am sure to be laid aside; it is part of the '*all things*'"—"her needed discipline," she would often call it.

In very large letters she had illuminated two texts for her room. One was "God is Love," which she placed over the fire-place, where her eyes would rest on it when she woke in the morning. To our faith-

ful servant Mary, she said, "I have put that text, 'God is Love,' where I can see it directly I awake : sometimes amidst all the aches and pains of the day, it is difficult to realise it, so I like to have it always in sight." Over the window was the other text, which she always called "her special text," because it was such a constant help to her, "My times are in Thy Hands." She had not decided, she said, what to place over the door. She wanted something practical to help her in her daily life. She had thought of "Ye are My witnesses," but she had not finally chosen the words. The space was left vacant to the last.

All this autumn of 1880, life was becoming terribly wearisome to my darling sister, from much increased suffering. Several times during those last months, she spoke to me of life having become "such a burden ;" once she said she thought she must shut herself up in a dark room for the remainder of her life, and submit to be an invalid. But it was all borne with her usual sweet patience, and when the paroxysms of pain passed away, her brightness would return, and only her worn look of suffering told what she endured. To a friend about this time she said, "I am seldom now out of pain ; sometimes when I

am asked to sing, I look at the piano and wonder how I shall cross the room to it, the pain is so bad, but I go and sing, and nobody knows!" She had the most marvellous power of self-control, so that only those who knew her best, realised how much she suffered, and I now believe that even we did not know the half. I have known her to be the life of a party of young friends, only confessing to me afterwards, that "she had been in pain all the time, and sometimes hardly knew how to bear it." Once in speaking to a sister-in-law about her favourite cat "Tim," a very special pet, she said, it was growing so old that she feared the time would soon come for her to give it a morphia pill;* and she added, "*How* I wish I might take one myself!" To another friend she said, "Were it not for my dear mother and Etta, I should long to go Home, for the thought of the future, with all this terrible suffering, almost appals me."

Her loving Father saw that it would be too much for her; she had bravely fought the fight long enough: and in tender love, He was about to take her Home to Himself.

* This old favourite is still alive (August 1882).

CHAPTER X.

1880.

Visit of Rev. R. Wolfe, from China—Workers' Prayer-Meeting—
Parish Work—Letter to Eveline—Love of Animals—Baptism
of a Working Man—Birthday Letter—Christmas Eve—Visit
to an Invalid Friend—Close of Year.

THE month of November has, for years past, been memorable to the congregation of Holy Trinity, Louth, for the advent of some earnest labourer from distant mission fields, who comes to speak and preach at the annual Church Missionary gatherings. This visit is looked forward to by all who are interested in missionary work, as one of the great events of the parochial year. This year (1880) we were privileged to receive at the Vicarage, that devoted missionary from China, the Rev. R. Wolfe. Greatly we enjoyed our three days' intercourse with him, and fresh interest was awakened in our minds for the intelligent, and yet benighted Chinese

people. Emily much enjoyed his visit, his deep spirituality finding an echo in her heart. On the evening of the Missionary meeting, Emily went first to the Mission Room, where she gave an address to forty working-men; and then came on to the Missionary meeting in the schoolroom, bringing some of the men with her.

It was about this time that she read, with much interest, the Life of Bishop Selwyn. She was greatly struck with the following pithy sentence:—"Christian workers need to have the *zeal* of the fisherman, the *love* of the shepherd, and the *wisdom* of the builder." This thought, at our next little workers' prayer-meeting, (it being her turn to speak,) she amplified, and worked out most beautifully, showing *how* each quality was needed by every worker for God. All present felt it to be a practical word of help; and I remember at the time being struck with the spirituality of her remarks. Of that prayer-meeting, a lady who was present, writes,—“I cannot forget the quiet, trusting, *restful* tone of her voice at the last prayer-meeting, when she asked, that if any of us should be laid aside this winter from active work, it might not be a time of selfish indolence, but of earnest work for

the Master in the vineyard of our own hearts, and so of preparation for higher service."

Directly my sister recovered from her attack of jaundice, though still far from strong, she threw herself with her usual energy into parish work, taking the men's meetings, and visiting them at their homes. All who saw her, however, noticed how ill and worn she looked. The *look* of suffering on her face was very marked from this time. A friend tells me, that, one evening in the early winter, she was so especially struck with dear Emily's brightness, that she thought she must be feeling better. They were returning from a communicants' meeting, and as they stood at the Vicarage gate to say good-night, this friend whispered, "Are you suffering less?" Emily turned to her quickly, saying in a low voice, "Life is hardly worth living for the pain." *Yet* she was able to be so bright, and to enter into the interests of all around her.

Surprising as it may seem, considering how much she suffered, Emily retained to the last her wonderful power of nerve. This power was severely taxed about this time, when, at the urgent request of a poor woman, Emily was with her through a very painful operation. From ten in the morn-

ing till ten at night, Emily remained with her, only returning home for an hour or two in the afternoon. Her presence seemed to bring comfort and strength to the sufferer, and though much exhausted herself, she would not leave the house till she had made the invalid comfortable for the night.

Sending her niece Eveline a copy of Miss Havergal's "Morning Stars," Emily writes:—

"MY DARLING EVIE,—The kind friend, Miss Havergal, who wrote your 'Morning Bells' and 'Little Pillows,' wrote another little book just before she died, for the morning readings of her young friends, and she was meaning, had she lived, to write another for the evenings. I send you by this post the little book, and I feel sure you will like it as much as your old friends, which I think you must know by heart, by this time! I know you will read it every morning, and I hope you will find that the little 'Morning Star' will help to brighten every day.—Ever, darling, Your loving Godmother,
"AUNTIE EM."

It was about this time that she finished painting

her last set of cards, a very lovely one; flowers, covered with snow, with appropriate texts. The publisher who bought them has, since her death, written for fresh designs from the same hand. During November she also wrote her last tract, "Found on a Doorstep," it being the true account of what happened on Easter Day 1878. She told me that writing it brought back all the circumstances, and made her long to know more about the young man's present life.

This would hardly be a faithful record of my dear sister's character, were no mention made of her great love for animals; cats and donkeys being the special favourites. She was devoted to the cat referred to in the last chapter, and the faithful creature, (a friend of twelve years,) warmly returned her affection, coming up every morning to call her, following her everywhere about the house, and sitting on the table by her while she painted, worked, or wrote. When she was ill, the cat would lie all day on her bed, content only to be near her. Often in the street, Emily would stop to stroke and speak to a costermonger's donkey, or to beg children not to tease some poor animal. Any cruelty to a dumb creature made her quite miser-

able. After some trouble, she persuaded those in authority, to provide an extra horse to drag the heavy loads up the hill, which passed our house at Norwood, to the Crystal Palace. She belonged to the Anti-Vivisection Society, feeling strongly on the subject, which she often discussed with medical men. Some years before her death, she had printed a little leaflet, called "A New Year's Greeting to Medical Men." This she sent to every doctor she knew of. She felt a special interest in the medical profession, having been under the treatment of many doctors, from all of whom she had received unvarying kindness.

On Monday, December 6th, Emily gave her address on "The Lighthouse and its Lessons," to our men's meeting, from Matt. v. 14-16. She painted a large lighthouse to hang on the wall, in order that those who had never seen one, might understand it better. The same day, in the afternoon, dear Emily stood as witness at the baptism of a working-man, who, two years before, had been led to the Saviour by her means. He had never been baptized, and she had had much talk with him on the subject.

This event caused her great thankfulness and joy.

I was to have been a co-witness, but was unable from neuralgia to leave the house.

Emily's diary tells this month of incessant work ; singing at a Band of Hope meeting, visiting cottages and public-houses, and taking meetings, &c., all done so brightly and cheerfully, that even those who knew her best, little imagined *how much* the effort cost her. No persuasions, however, would induce her to rest : her strong will and high spirit, her keen sense of duty, together with the privilege and joy she ever felt it, to be about her Father's business, carried her bravely through all fatigue and suffering.

On the 15th December, I went to Skirbeck, to spend a week with my brother Bertram, in his new home, which I had never seen. As usual, I heard from my darling sister every day, and on my birthday, although the very day of my return home, I received precious birthday letters, both from my dear mother and Emily. How little I then imagined, that, in three short months, both these dear ones would be in their Father's Home above ! In what tender love and mercy is the future veiled from our sight ! Emily writes :—

“TRINITY VICARAGE, December 20, 1880.

“MY DARLING ETTA,—Just a line of love for your birthday, though I hope I shall see you before it is over. May every blessing be yours through the coming year! I was thinking of you in connection with your patron saint, St. Thomas, and felt how much we might learn from his failure of faith; not that you and I are likely to disbelieve in the same *way* as he did; but would it not be *worse* in us, after the light of eighteen hundred years, to doubt in the least degree our Master's *love, wisdom, or power*, than it was in St. Thomas to doubt His *identity*? May we then hear His voice, saying, ‘Be not faithless, but believing,’ and may we be helped to believe and feel, that,—(knowing that He has the whole arrangement of every little event of our lives in His Hands,)—whatever *is, is best*.

“And now just a message from my St. Thomas (à Kempis):—‘When a man comes to such a pitch of holiness, as not to seek consolation from any created thing, then God begins to satisfy him with His sweetness; and after that, he is well contented to let things take their course.’

“There really is nothing to tell you since yester-

day. We had a nice sermon in the evening from Micah v. 4. The morning one on prophecy was useful, and interesting to some. I had a good day yesterday till the evening, but during the sermon the pain was so bad, I almost thought I must have come out; however, it gradually went away, and I managed to stay. I am feeling very well to-day. The decorating begins to-day: I begin in the study to-morrow. I am longing to see you back. Love to the dear young people.—Your very loving

“EM.”

On returning home, I found awaiting my arrival the “Life of Frances Ridley Havergal,” a joint present from my dear mother and Emily, the last I was ever to receive.

On Christmas Eve, hearing that a friend was spending her Christmas tide alone, her husband being unexpectedly called away, dear Emily left the home circle, and went to try and cheer her. My dear sister’s very social nature made her full of sympathy for all lonely ones. This friend thus writes to me of that evening: “I long to tell you how, on Christmas Eve, your darling sister told me of your happy home: her heart seemed positively

overflowing with enthusiastic love for you all!" This lady spoke to me afterwards of the delight of that evening, and of Emily's sweetness and brightness. She had said to her, that people sometimes wondered she had never married, but that she had everything she needed in her home; that no one could have a happier home, or be richer in love than she was. With this strong love of her home, and possessing so much family affection, it may seem strange, at first sight, that she should have longed so ardently for the Home above. But so it was! Her love to her Saviour was stronger than all else; and she thoroughly believed, and rejoiced in the thought, that all sanctified earthly love would be continued and perfected in the life beyond. In speaking to an invalid friend of this longing for the eternal Home, and yet of her desire to have *no will* on the subject, she once quoted those lines of Faber's—

"I wish to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee."

Then, with one of her very bright smiles, she added—

"And *yet* I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be."

He who sees and knows every thought of the heart, was about to give her her heart's desire.

On Christmas Day, Emily and I, for the last time on earth, received the holy communion *together* at half-past nine in the morning. After the service in the afternoon, she and I, according to our usual custom, went to spend an hour with our dear friend Miss Iles, who had been for many years an invalid. We generally sought thus to shed a ray of light from the outer world on her Christmas Day. It was the last Christmas tide either of them was to spend on earth. In love this was hidden from us!

The last week in the year records much parish work, cottage-visiting, &c.

We were also engaged, during these last weeks of the year, in preparing for a sale of work, to clear off a debt, incurred on the new buildings at the schools. As an extra attraction, an amusing art-gallery, was also in course of preparation; this Emily chiefly undertook, bringing her fertile imagination and sense of fun into full play for the occasion. Most clever and humorous were some of the designs suggested by Sidney and herself, all being carried out by her ingenious fingers. Thus, in busy pre-

paration for the sale, and in parish work, the year ended.

Emily had had less pain for a week or two, and so was full of thankfulness; and our chief anxiety at the close of the year, was the growing feebleness of our dear mother, whose failing health was but too apparent to us all. She was fully convinced that her time with us would be short, and our hearts were sad, as we thought of the future, without that loving, unselfish, and beloved presence, which for so many years, had been the centre of every home and family interest. How little we thought that the young life would be called Home first!

In my sister's diary for the last evening of the year, I find the following entry:—

"Special service for close of year. Sidney preached from Psalm cxxxix. 1. Visited old Wake-lin." And then, as a sort of summing up of the year's mercies, she adds, "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice" (Ps. lxiii. 7). Fit conclusion to a year of much suffering, and also of much grace, strength, and communion, vouchsafed day by day! How much deeper would have been her thankful joy, had she known that in six weeks all her suffer-

ing and conflict would be over, and that she would be at rest "for ever with the Lord."

Still, without this knowledge, she was able calmly and trustfully to enter upon another year, a year which she believed would be one of constant pain. Her abiding and perfect confidence in her heavenly Father's *love*, *wisdom*, and *power* carried her through all, and made her the bright sunbeam she ever was.

CHAPTER XI.

JAN. 1881.

Entry in Diary for 1881—New Year's Cards—Letter to Working-Man—Address to Men—Sale at Schoolroom—Her Last Address.

ON the blank page, at the beginning of my dear sister's diary for 1881, are the following lines. They will show the spirit with which she entered upon a new and untried year, the last she was to begin on earth. I do not know whose lines they are:—

“What will the new year bring to me?
Joys and sorrows I both can see.
Put away dark memories all,
To fear is nearly half to fall;
Meet each hour as it comes to thee:
And end it with a hearty ‘Thanks be.’”

“My times are in Thy Hand (Ps. xxxi. 15),
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.”

Emily much liked the custom of sending to

friends Christmas and New Year's cards: she generally sent them, accompanied by some bright word of help or comfort. These cards were carefully chosen, with words suitable to each person. A young friend who received one on this last New Year's Eve, has kindly lent it to me to copy. The card is a pretty one with these words on it, "May your heart sing through the coming year!" On the paper in which it is folded, are these words, in my sister's writing:—"With best wishes for a happy, holy new year, spent in the Master's service, from Emily Streatfeild.—New Year's Eve, 1880."

Thus, even an ordinary custom was made use of by dear Emily, to convey a message of loving help.

Her first letter, written on New Year's morning, was to a working-man in whom we were interested, and who was causing us much anxiety:—

"HOLY TRINITY VICARAGE,
New Year's Day, 1881.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—This is the first time I have taken up my pen this year, and it is to beg of you to ask God to help you to spend a better year than the last has been. You know that there has been

much sin in the year 1880, and that many of the good resolutions you made at the beginning of it have been broken. Will you not, at the beginning of *this* year, confess your weakness to God, and ask Him to give you strength? 'I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God,' David says; and if he needed God's strength, much more do you. Oh my friend, if your dear mother could have seen you during the past year, how grieved she would have been! For the sake of her memory, and her love to you, I beseech you to turn from your sins to seek God. Ask Him to forgive the past, and to give you grace for the future.

"We have missed you for several weeks from the meetings, and your place in church is always empty. Will you not begin the new year afresh? Come to church to-morrow, even if you have only shabby clothes, and come to the meeting on Monday. Believe me, we do not forget you, and often pray for you; and I have been many times to knock at your door, but you have been out.—I am,

"Your true friend,

"EMILY STREATFIELD."

My sister was unable to be at church the first

Sunday in the year owing to a very severe cold, but on the following day, although far from well, she helped to arrange the room for the school sale, which was fixed for the 4th of January, and in the evening gave the address at the Mission Room to forty working men, from Jeremiah v. 25-31. This she insisted on doing, fearing lest I should be overdone with the sale the next day.

The following day Emily had no voice, and was feeling very far from well, but bravely she went through the day, appearing bright and cheerful, although with a great effort. This disappointment (and disappointment it was, after all the trouble she had taken in the preparation) was borne with her usual sweet patience, as being part of the "needed discipline." The work had all to be packed away that night, that the schoolroom might be ready for the next morning, and we were busy till eleven o'clock. Ill as Emily felt, she would remain to assist me till the very last. For several days she continued far from well, but on Monday the 10th she again addressed the men's meeting from St. John vi. 28-38. Her divisions were: 1. Whom to believe; 2. What to believe; 3. Why to believe; and 4. When to believe.

This meeting she took out of her turn, because it had been arranged that she should that week go to London, with our dear mother, to be under medical treatment.

Those who heard her that evening, little thought that they were listening for the last time to her loving, pleading invitations to come to the Saviour: Yet so it was! It may be, they would have paid more earnest heed to the loving words she spoke, had they known that they were never again to have that bright presence among them.

And here I would fain pause before entering on the record of the last few weeks in London, weeks of great suffering and suspense, yet a season, doubtless, when her character received its final chiselling.

The Refiner's fire was to purify her still more before she came forth "perfect through suffering." During those quiet weeks in London, alone with our dear mother, shut out by weather from all outward influences, Emily doubtless learnt more of her own emptiness, and more of the preciousness of her Saviour. May we not believe that her prayer, at our last prayer-meeting, was answered in her

own case ; and that during that final time of suffering, God was, by His Holy Spirit, working mightily in her heart, purifying her, and fitting her, as she had herself prayed, for future work, even for His perfect service above ?

CHAPTER XII.

JAN., FEB., 1881.

Severe Weather—Journey to London—Letter—Courage under Suffering—Letter—Box of Flowers—Extracts—Her Last Letter—Removal to Cleveland Square—Drive—Illness—Death—Funeral.

THE weather at the beginning of the year 1881 was, it may be remembered, unusually severe, the commencement in fact of that long and trying frost which lasted for so many weeks. I had a strong wish that the journey to London should be postponed, having a strange and unaccountable presentiment of coming sorrow; I felt also that the severe cold would be very trying to my dear mother. Emily sought in her bright way to remove my fears; and once when I spoke to her of my dread of this London visit, answered me earnestly, "Well, if *I* never do come back, will you grudge me the rest?" Our dear mother was hopeful about the

journey, feeling, as she said, that "she should die happier if she had made one more effort to relieve her child's sufferings."

Two days before they left home, Emily had a long afternoon's visiting in the parish, going to several cottages, and to the coffee-house. It was her last active work, and she came home much exhausted, and did not leave the house the following day.

On Friday, the 14th of January, notwithstanding the continued severity of the weather, my dear mother and Emily started for London, Emily in very good spirits. A lady who travelled in the same carriage with them, remarked how full of life and brightness my dear sister was, and she added, "Had she known she was so near to her Heavenly Home, she could hardly have been brighter." I saw them off from the station, and as I watched the train move away, I little thought that I should never again on earth, see either of them in health and brightness. Yet, without any apparent reason, I felt unusually sad and depressed as I walked back to that home, which my darling Emily was never more to enter. The day after they left I had a few lines from Emily, written partly in the train, tell-

ing me of their warm and pleasant journey, and comfortable lodgings in Clarges Street; and she continues—

“I wonder what you are doing. I forgot to ask you your plans for the day, for I like to think where you are and what you are doing. You must not go much to visit the men; I really think they have been pretty well looked up. . . . Mind you tell us about little details; everything will interest us, especially about yourself, for you know, darling, . . . that you and I are only half ourselves, when we are absent from each other. I will write to you to-morrow. . . .—Your very, very loving EM.”

Daily letters followed, Emily's being chiefly full of the treatment which was evidently causing her much suffering. As usual, she bore it all brightly and bravely, and was much commended by the doctor for her courage. Once he told her that she deserved a medal, which pleased her. She bore pain wonderfully, often concealing what others would have called severe suffering, and what really was such to her extremely sensitive organism. She took it all, however, as the cross given her by the

Master, and once in speaking to the doctor about her constant suffering, added—"But I would not lift a finger to take away the pain." Dr. — told me afterwards, how, in his daily visits to her, he had been struck with her beautiful mind and her deep piety. There appeared to me in all her letters a tone of sadness, showing little hope of relief, in spite of the hopes of those around her. The only time she was allowed to leave the house, during the fortnight she remained in Clarges Street, was on the Sunday after her arrival, when she received the Holy Communion for the last time, going to the early service in Down Street. She also attended other churches, both morning and afternoon. After this Sunday, she was chiefly on the sofa, and she employed much of her time in reading. Hinton's "Mystery of Pain," a very favourite book, was re-read; and she also enjoyed Fosbery's "Voices of Comfort," "The Lives of the Saints," and other books, which were lent her by friends.

Friday, January the 22nd, was her birthday. In answer to my birthday greeting, she writes:—

"MY DARLING ETTA,—So many thanks for your dear, loving letter, the more valued as it is the *only*

birthday letter I have received, except a few lines from Ellen. I must hope that, as far as circumstances go, my year may not go on according to this beginning. With all my efforts I cannot feel cheerful, and being my birthday, makes it worse. . . . I am forbidden to go farther than from bed to sofa, and the uneasiness, and at times pain, prevents my wishing to get about. I fear, darling, you must be rather lonely: it seems a pity we cannot join forces for part of each day; it would be a boon for both! Thank you for your sweet card; the words are charming. . . . Dr. — evidently means me to spend most of my time on the sofa till my return! a pleasing prospect! However, we are still particularly comfortable, and mother and I are most happy together. Otherwise you would think I had drawn rather a dreary picture. It certainly is not what I should have chosen! but WHAT IS in one's life?—and YET the best!—Your very loving EM."

"January 22nd, 1881."

By that evening's post she received a box of lovely hot-house flowers, from a friend, who was wintering in Italy. This thoughtful kindness cheered her, and she greatly enjoyed the flowers;

joy, which will remain indelibly fixed on my mind till we meet again.

Kind friends sent the most lovely flowers, wreaths and crosses, so that our darling was surrounded by them, and the whole room made beautiful with them: thus fulfilling her own often-expressed wish, "Let there be *no gloom* in my death; let everything be bright. I should like to have flowers all round me." To the letter this was carried out.

It was determined, after much thought, to take our dear sister back to Louth, and to lay her to rest near the scene of her last labours, and among the friends who loved her so well. She was brought to Louth on Friday the 11th, a brother and his wife accompanying the remains of our dear one from London; the rest of the family having returned the day before. The coffin was taken straight to Trinity Church, which an hour before the service was completely filled, many friends coming from a long distance.

The service was performed by the Rev. Canon Wilde, Rector of Louth, and the Rev. Canon Disbrowe, Rector of Benington, both of whom preached funeral sermons the following Sunday, in Trinity Church. Flowers, which had been sent by

sympathising friends, were arranged in the church, and on the coffin, which was entirely covered with them. In all, twenty-three wreaths and crosses were sent. Several who were present remarked, that the service was truly one of "hope," that there was nothing gloomy about it. We felt that it was just what our dear sister would have wished.

Emily's six brothers, myself, and many friends, followed from the church to the spot in the cemetery, on the hill-side, which had been chosen as her resting-place. Six working-men, belonging to the Men's Meeting, carried the coffin, more than one having been blessed for time and for eternity through her means.

And there, in joyful hope of a glorious resurrection, we left our darling to rest, "till the day dawn, and the shadows flee away."

CHAPTER XIII.

Testimonies of Working Men and Others—Letters from Friends—
Extracts from Newspapers—Memorial—Paper of Wishes—A
Brother's Memorial Verses.

THIS sketch of my dear sister's life and work would not be complete, without recording some of the testimonies, received from working-men and others, of what she had been to them, and done for them.

As her work was chiefly amongst working-men, their testimonies shall be given first.

Mention has already been made of the man who, under God, owes his conversion to my sister's singing the hymn, beginning,

“I have a Saviour ; He's pleading in glory.”

This man said to me after her death, “Two years ago I thought a great deal too much of her ; I thought her almost Divine, and I found it wouldn't

do ; so I prayed about it. But I did love her : she was the perfectest creature I ever knew, and so gifted." To a friend he said, "I would rather have faced a lion than have had to go through this. She was my sympathiser and instructor in everything, I could always go to her. She always wanted me to receive the communion, but I never had partaken till the Sunday evening after her death, and then I stayed, for love of our Lord, and in commemoration of her, and I never felt Jesus so near as I did that Sunday." This same man expressed himself as so pleased with the text of the evening sermon, "Looking unto Jesus," preached by the Rev. Canon Disbrowe, on the Sunday after my dear sister's death. He said, "It couldn't have been better chosen, it was one of her favourite texts ; she used to say it so often to me, 'Keep looking unto Jesus.' That, and another, 'God is love,' she told me so often. I wish they could be written all over in *letters of gold*."

Another man walked seven miles, the day after her death, to get some snowdrops to lay in her coffin. To me he said, with tears in his eyes, "If ever I loved any one, I loved her ; I shall never forget her,

I couldn't; I ought to love her; I should not be what I am but for her."

Another old man said to me, "She was the loveliest creature as ever was: there are lots of good ones, but she was so full of sympathy, and always made one look on the bright side of things. Ah! she's gone to 'the bright city' she loved to talk so much about; she's talked a deal about it lately. She was 'out and out.'"

Another man's testimony was, "She was so bright, so fearlessly bold: she seemed to grow more so than ever this winter: she had spoken out so at the meetings; her words will come back to the men now, I fancy."

Another man asked leave to attend the funeral, saying, "She *will* be missed; she *did* a deal for this town."

One man the day after her death refused to touch any food, he was so broken-hearted.

Seven weeks after her death, the photographer told us he had sold eleven dozen of her photographs, chiefly to poor people. Often on Saturday night, a child would come with sixpence wrapped up, "for a photograph."

The guard of a London train said to a gentleman the day after the funeral, "O sir, she will have a bright crown, with many jewels in it, for her speaking went straight to a man's heart." This man had heard my sister speak at a Bible-class at Boston.

A poor woman's remark was, "She hadn't a bit of pride in her; she'd walk with the biggest 'shack' of a man, if she met him, and never be ashamed."

A lady sent to a nursery gardener, to order a cross of flowers for the funeral, wishing it to be made of *very choice flowers*; the woman hesitated to cut the best, especially one pot of lilies of the valley, which were *very choice*. "Who is it for?" she asked at last. "For Miss Emily Streatfeild." The woman burst into tears, saying, "She shall have the *very best* we have; she *was* an angel!" Then she called her husband, and begged him to cut his best flowers, even the pot of lilies. They were all cut; the cross was lovely, the most beautiful of all the wreaths and crosses sent by loving friends at that sad time. Emily had sometimes visited this woman's invalid son, and had won her heart, as she did the hearts of all she visited.

As the funeral passed the Mission Room, where

Emily had so faithfully laboured, two working-men were standing looking on. One, a stranger, asked, "Whose funeral is that?" The other told him, adding where she lived: an old man who was standing by overheard them, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Oh, she *was* a blessed angel"—and then he went on to tell the others about her. This was heard by one who was passing.

A lady who was present at the funeral remarked, "She *was* beloved; I saw two *such* rough-looking men standing at her grave, tears rolling down their faces."

More than once I have found a rough working-man standing by her grave, the tears stealing down his cheeks, as he told me, "She was the best friend as ever I had, after my mother." On the New Year's Day before her death, Emily had written to this man, urging him to give his heart to God,—the last letter to a working-man she ever wrote. To a friend he said, "I wouldn't take five shillings for that letter; I shall keep it as long as I live. I couldn't have grieved more if she had been my own sister." Seven months after Emily's death, this man told me he went to her grave every week, and

prayed there. She seemed to be his one link to a better life.

The man who lives at the cemetery said, "She was indeed beloved; people come from all parts of the town to visit her grave;" and after more than a year, the grass round her resting-place is quite worn away with footsteps.*

Several working-men from Norwood intended to come down to Louth to follow her to the grave, but owing to a mistake about the day, they were, to their great sorrow, prevented from carrying out their desire.

Such are some of the testimonies of working men and women, whose hearts dear Emily always seemed especially to win.

Two church workers in Louth gave these testimonies:—"One needed not to speak to her, to look at her was enough!"

The other said—"With me it is not a per-

* Fifteen months after my dear sister's death, a friend visiting the grave, found two working-men beside it, and she heard one say to the other, "She was the one. I don't believe there was a public-house in the parish she didn't visit, and she treated us all like brothers—there's no one comes up to her."

sonal feeling or loss, for I never knew much of her, but I feel as if we had lost a bit of the Master."

From the numerous kind letters which poured in upon us, in our deep sorrow, I quote the following. The first is from a great sufferer, who has since been taken Home :—

" Soon I hope the dark memories of her sufferings will soften and brighten, since it was the cross of Jesus she had taken, to bear so bravely up her Mount of Calvary—and He, the loving Jesus, has taken it from her, and given her to His Father to fill the place prepared for her. I delight to think of her; she was ever a bright example to me, and I was often cheered to bear my own burden, as I saw with amazement, how her bright spirit was raised above her pain and trial, to live so beautiful and helpful a life for others. Missed she must be, but her works live, and her memorial is in the changed lives of the many whom she brought to know their Lord.

M. I."

" I feel to have lost a personal friend; I was very fond of dear Emily. Her single-hearted

continued bad symptoms. Four of her brothers were telegraphed for, but she knew none of them. On Monday evening coma set in, and the trained nurse being worn out, Sidney and I, with our servant Emma, watched her through that last night, for we knew then, that our darling,—the sunshine of our hearts and of our home,—was dying.

Shortly before eight o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, February 8th, the breathing became calmer, and without a struggle, at three minutes to eight, our beloved one was at rest: "her warfare was accomplished;" her bright, useful, brave life on earth was over, and her new, joyous, painless, sinless life in Paradise had begun. She had winged her flight to the Home on which her heart had long been fixed.

"After the battle, victory,
And after victory, rest,
Like the beloved disciple
Upon the Saviour's breast."

—*Lyra Anglicana.*

As I bent to kiss my darling, I heard the words, "She was *such* a sister." It was the testimony of the four brothers, as they stood beside her: and my heart echoed it—for to none had she been *all* that she had been to me!

think that 'the music of her life is nowise stilled.' Surely God will look for much fruit in His people from this chastening.

H. S."

"You are right, I did love, and *do love* her still, with a love far beyond the grave. How could I have done otherwise, knowing as much as I did of the *beautiful soul*, which perhaps to many, was hidden under the merry, cheerful exterior. May God comfort you! She who was so bright and happy would not have you to sorrow too much for her; she loved you so much, that by and by you will feel gradually convinced that you *are not* parted; death only separates, it does not *part* those who are *one* in the highest sense of the word.

F. H."

A young man writes:—

"For her, what a change, a change from such suffering to a place at the side of the Saviour she loved and worked for! One thing should comfort you in your great trouble, the thought of what a beautiful character she was. How unselfish, willing to do everything for any one: and how faithfully she served her God; how, even when in most pain,

she always tried to conceal it, and make all around her as cheerful as if she was quite well. I shall always remember this date, as a day that took away from us one of the holiest and most genuine women that I have ever known. I hope the day is not far distant, when you may all look back on it as the day when you sacrificed your dearest tie, to realise all the glories she was ever wont to teach others to seek.

M. M. A."

One more extract must be given. The words are those of a well-known clergyman, who from time to time had met Emily, and who, after her death, said to a friend, that "one could not be in her presence without being lifted up." He writes to my brother:—

"To say more than that we are feeling with you all at the present time will only sound hollow and cold. If *we* knew something of the brightness which is gone, and the beauty of the holiness which, as regards its earthly power, has passed from us, what must the blank be for you all! It is not often that in so short a life so much influence has been exercised. May God grant that the

fruit of that dedication of ability and power may be eternal !

R. B."

Dear Emily's work and death were mentioned with much feeling, in several Lincolnshire and Norwood papers : and the sympathy and love expressed by the congregation and town of Louth were most touching. Some extracts from the newspapers may be given.

The "Lincolnshire Chronicle" says—

"Rarely, if ever, has the intelligence of the death of a lady been received by a community with such deep and genuine regret, as was the intelligence of the death of Miss Emily Streatfeild, received by the inhabitants of the parish of Holy Trinity, Louth, on Tuesday last. The deceased lady was the sister of the Rev. G. S. Streatfeild, vicar of Holy Trinity, with whom she had been intimately associated for some years in parochial work, in the pursuit of which she had endeared herself to all classes of the community."

Then follows an account of the funeral.

The "Louth Advertiser" thus refers to the event :

"DEATH OF MISS EMILY STREATFEILD.—It is with feelings of deep regret that we this week have to announce the death of Miss Emily Streatfeild, which took place in London at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning last, after a very

brief illness. Miss Streatfeild was the sister of the respected Vicar of Holy Trinity, and it is not too much to say that her sudden removal, from the midst of a busy and useful life of Christian work, will create a void which will not easily be filled. She was beloved by all who knew her, and her loss will be deeply felt by many in the parish, for she was not only a diligent district visitor, and a most earnest and faithful Christian worker and teacher of God's Holy Word, but she at all times cheerfully and willingly held out the right hand of sympathetic charity to those who were in sickness and in distress. Miss Streatfeild's zeal for temperance work was well known, she having taken a very active part in the starting and carrying on of the 'Rising Star.' The greatest sympathy is felt for the members of the family in their sad affliction. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon. At a quarter to three o'clock, the first portion of the Burial Service was performed in the Holy Trinity Church, by the Rector of Louth (Rev. Canon Wilde), who was assisted by the Rev. Canon Disbrowe. The church was crowded, and at the conclusion of the service, the funeral cortége (which was a lengthy one) proceeded to the cemetery. On its arrival there, the coffin was borne to the grave on the shoulders of six members of the Men's Meeting, with which the deceased was intimately connected. The concluding portion of the Burial Service was here read by the Rector. The coffin was of polished English oak, with brass mountings, and was literally covered with beautiful wreaths of snowdrops, Christmas roses, and other white flowers. The deceased was only thirty-five years of age. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, there was a very large number of people at the cemetery."

The "Louth Times" gives the following notice :

"It is with sincere regret that we this week record the death of Miss Emily Streatfeild, sister of the Vicar of Holy Trinity. Her self-denying efforts on behalf of the welfare (both temporal and spiritual) of the working-men of Louth have been well known and widely appreciated. She had been engaged in active work in the temperance cause among the men of Norwood, before her residence in Louth, where she had (in conjunction with her sister) been the means of setting on foot a British Workman public-house. She continued her labours in our own town, to which the opening of the 'Rising Star' bears witness, as well as the meetings for men, held weekly in the Mission Room, Maiden Row. Her wide sympathies endeared her to all classes, but especially must she be mentioned as the friend of the working-man. Her name will, we doubt not, live in their memory, and long be cherished among them."

The "Norwood Review" says :

"We this week record the death of one, who—though she had removed from our neighbourhood—will long be remembered by many of us, for her earnest work, and the kindly sympathy with which she was ever ready to help and encourage all efforts for the benefit of the people. The work to which she here more especially devoted her talent, was that of promoting temperance among the young, and the many who at different times belonged to her Band of Hope, will not soon forget the bright presence and loving words of their late teacher. Miss Emily Streatfeild died on Tuesday, somewhat suddenly, while on a visit to London."

do ; so I prayed about it. But I did love her : she was the perfectest creature I ever knew, and so gifted." To a friend he said, "I would rather have faced a lion than have had to go through this. She was my sympathiser and instructor in everything, I could always go to her. She always wanted me to receive the communion, but I never had partaken till the Sunday evening after her death, and then I stayed, for love of our Lord, and in commemoration of her, and I never felt Jesus so near as I did that Sunday." This same man expressed himself as so pleased with the text of the evening sermon, "Looking unto Jesus," preached by the Rev. Canon Disbrowe, on the Sunday after my dear sister's death. He said, "It couldn't have been better chosen, it was one of her favourite texts ; she used to say it so often to me, 'Keep looking unto Jesus.' That, and another, 'God is love,' she told me so often. I wish they could be written all over in *letters of gold*."

Another man walked seven miles, the day after her death, to get some snowdrops to lay in her coffin. To me he said, with tears in his eyes, "If ever I loved any one, I loved her ; I shall never forget her,

extended. Her love for Him we feel was deep and abiding, and whilst sorrowing with you over her departure, yet it is with good hope that she is with Christ. She now no longer sees through a glass darkly, but face to face. She has bid farewell to earthly Sabbaths and ordinances as no longer needful, having left the stream to drink at the fountain. It is our earnest prayer and firm belief that He who has been with you in six troubles, will not desert you in the seventh, but will give you all the consolation you need.

"We are, on behalf of the Temperance workers of Norwood, Yours very sincerely,

"WALTER HOBBS.

"T. L. BELLATTI.

"Mrs. Streatfeild."

"TRINITY VICARAGE, LOUTH,

"February 15th, 1881.

"DEAR SIR,—In my dear mother's name, and that of us all, I beg to thank you most sincerely for your words of sympathy to us in our deep sorrow. The tribute of love and respect which you have paid to the memory of my beloved sister, has touched our hearts very deeply. Will you convey to all, our thanks for their kind thought? We have, indeed, the joy of knowing that our dear one has reached the Home she so loved to speak to others about, and her works, we fully believe, will follow her. Here, it is touching to see the love she had gained from working-men, among whom she earnestly laboured. She was borne to her grave on Friday by six working-men, who owed

The guard of a London train said to a gentleman the day after the funeral, "O sir, she will have a bright crown, with many jewels in it, for her speaking went straight to a man's heart." This man had heard my sister speak at a Bible-class at Boston.

A poor woman's remark was, "She hadn't a bit of pride in her; she'd walk with the biggest 'shack' of a man, if she met him, and never be ashamed."

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Emily had so faithfully laboured, two working-men were standing looking on. One, a stranger, asked, "Whose funeral is that?" The other told him, adding where she lived: an old man who was standing by overheard them, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Oh, she *was* a blessed angel"—and then he went on to tell the others about her. This was heard by one who was passing.

A lady who was present at the funeral remarked, "She *was* beloved; I saw two *such* rough-looking men standing at her grave, tears rolling down their faces."

More than once I have found a rough working-man standing by her grave, the tears stealing down his cheeks, as he told me, "She was the best friend as ever I had, after my mother." On the New Year's Day before her death, Emily had written to this man, urging him to give his heart to God,—the last letter to a working-man she ever wrote. To a friend he said, "I wouldn't take five shillings for that letter; I shall keep it as long as I live. I couldn't have grieved more if she had been my own sister." Seven months after Emily's death, this man told me he went to her grave every week, and

prayed there. She seemed to be his one link to a better life.

The man who lives at the cemetery said, "She was indeed beloved; people come from all parts of the town to visit her grave;" and after more than a year, the grass round her resting-place is quite worn away with footsteps.*

Several working-men from Norwood intended to come down to Louth to follow her to the grave, but owing to a mistake about the day, they were, to their great sorrow, prevented from carrying out their desire.

Such are some of the testimonies of working men and women, whose hearts dear Emily always seemed especially to win.

Two church workers in Louth gave these testimonies:—"One needed not to speak to her, to look at her was enough!"

The other said—"With me it is not a per-

* Fifteen months after my dear sister's death, a friend visiting the grave, found two working-men beside it, and she heard one say to the other, "She was the one. I don't believe there was a public-house in the parish she didn't visit, and she treated us all like brothers—there's no one comes up to her."

sonal feeling or loss, for I never knew much of her, but I feel as if we had lost a bit of the Master."

From the numerous kind letters which poured in upon us, in our deep sorrow, I quote the following. The first is from a great sufferer, who has since been taken Home :—

"Soon I hope the dark memories of her sufferings will soften and brighten, since it was the cross of Jesus she had taken, to bear so bravely up her Mount of Calvary—and He, the loving Jesus, has taken it from her, and given her to His Father to fill the place prepared for her. I delight to think of her; she was ever a bright example to me, and I was often cheered to bear my own burden, as I saw with amazement, how her bright spirit was raised above her pain and trial, to live so beautiful and helpful a life for others. Missed she must be, but her works live, and her memorial is in the changed lives of the many whom she brought to know their Lord.

M. I."

"I feel to have lost a personal friend; I was very fond of dear Emily. Her single-hearted

devotion to duty, and her unselfishness, always struck me so much, and her example and influence will not be lost.

A. M. I.

“As to your sister, we can but rejoice; but I need not write *your* sister only; for it seems to me as if every one I meet has lost a *sister*. E. F.”

“How one thought yesterday of her first Sunday in Heaven, and fancied even the melody of the new song must be enriched by the music of her voice. I do thank God I ever knew her; how I longed to know her more, I could never tell you! I had such a strangely strong desire to write to her on this last birthday, and was only restrained by the thought that her life was so rich in affection, that she could scarcely care for any expression of mine. But I did love her, and I daresay she knew it. When she prayed at the prayer-meeting, that if any were laid aside this winter, it might not be a time of selfish indolence, but of work for the Master in the vineyard of their own hearts, and so of preparation for higher service, I little thought how soon she would be called up higher. How comforting to

think that 'the music of her life is nowise stilled.' Surely God will look for much fruit in His people from this chastening. H. S."

"You are right, I did love, and *do love* her still, with a love far beyond the grave. How could I have done otherwise, knowing as much as I did of the *beautiful soul*, which perhaps to many, was hidden under the merry, cheerful exterior. May God comfort you! She who was so bright and happy would not have you to sorrow too much for her; she loved you so much, that by and by you will feel gradually convinced that you *are not* parted; death only separates, it does not *part* those who are *one* in the highest sense of the word. F. H."

A young man writes:—

"For her, what a change, a change from such suffering to a place at the side of the Saviour she loved and worked for! One thing should comfort you in your great trouble, the thought of what a beautiful character she was. How unselfish, willing to do everything for any one: and how faithfully she served her God; how, even when in most pain,

much to her words of love. Five of them had been drunkards; now all are seeking better things.

"Again thanking you all for your sympathy, believe me to remain,

"Yours very truly,

"HENRIETTA S. STREATFEILD.

"Rev. W. Hobbs."

The April Quarterly Letter to the "Women's Temperance Prayer Union," to which dear Emily belonged, begins thus:—

"LILLESHELL, NEWPORT, SALOP,

"*March 1881.*

"DEAR SISTER MEMBERS,—In taking the pen, at the request of our dear Secretary, to address a few words to you in this Quarter's Letter, my thoughts recur solemnly to the unexpected call of one from amongst us, Miss Emily Streatfeild, of Louth, of whose work we heard only six months ago, from the pen of her sister. The voice of the sweet singer is no longer heard in those meetings on earth, where the Spirit of God was pleased to use it to carry conviction to the sinner's heart, but she is where she knows more fully than we can here know, how great the privilege to be thus used, and how solemn the responsibility upon us to 'work while it is called to-day, because the night cometh, wherein no man can work.' Little did her sister think, when closing her letter with the prayer, that 'many sheaves might this winter be laid at the Master's feet,' that one labourer so specially dear to her would thus speedily be withdrawn from the earthly harvest field. May those who still miss the loved human presence of this, and many another dear Temperance worker, find

comfort in carrying on the work they loved, and for each one taken away, may many more be added to our band !”

Shortly after my dear sister's death, and during the absence from home of my brother and myself, there appeared the following touching circular, drawn up by the clergyman whose letter has already been quoted. We knew nothing of the proposed memorial, till our return home three months later, when we were told of the kind liberality of friends and parishioners :—

MEMORIAL.

“A few friends of the late * Mrs. Streatfeild and Miss Emily Streatfeild, in and around Louth, are anxious that some lasting Memorial should exist of lives so unselfish, and of influence so quietly exercised, and yet so helpful. If, to brighten homes which were sad, to reclaim the wanderer, and to encourage the weak, was the special work of the younger, to be the kindly and sympathetic visitor under happier circumstances, and to show what a Christian home can, and should be, was the special mission of the elder. To be much with either was to catch a higher glimpse of what life may be, and a lasting Memorial will remind others, what can be done, by what has been

* Our beloved Mother only survived dear Emily six weeks. She was in very broken health at the time, and she never recovered the shock of my sister's death. She fell asleep most peacefully, on March 24th, 1881.

done. It is wished by many, that the Memorial should take some form in Holy Trinity Church, but it is thought better to leave the decision to the Vicar, on his return, and when all the money has been collected."

With the money thus received, it was determined to beautify Trinity Church with illuminated texts, placing in it a brass, to show in whose memory the work had been done. This has been well carried out, and thus an often expressed wish of dear Emily's has been fulfilled: that the walls of Trinity Church should have on them texts of Scripture, which every one could read, and which, under the Holy Spirit's teaching, might prove a blessing to some who entered its doors. The inscription on the brass is as follows:—

*"To the glory of God,
And as a reverent Memorial of
JANE EMMA STREATFEILD,
Who fell asleep March 24, 1881;
And of JANE EMILY, her Daughter,
Who entered into rest, February 8th, 1881.*

"Some friends, who were anxious to preserve for a little space the memory of two earnest lives, have adorned the walls of this church with illuminated texts; and placed this brass within it, to remind themselves and others, of what may be done, by what has been done."

The following paragraph on the subject, appeared in a Lincolnshire paper in January 1882, eleven months after my sister's death :—

“THE LATE MISS EMILY STREATFEILD.

“It would be impossible to go into details of the evangelistic work, carried on by the late Miss Emily Streatfeild in Louth, or to compute the success which attended her labours ; but in order to show in some way, the very high appreciation in which she and Mrs. Streatfeild were held by those who knew them, a memorial fund has been raised, and the Louth Holy Trinity Church beautifully and permanently decorated, by the painting of various Scripture texts throughout the building, and also by ornamenting, in a neat and attractive way, the walls and arches of the church.”

Here follows a description of the various texts, and the paragraph ends thus—

“The late Miss Emily Streatfeild, during her residence in Louth, succeeded in carrying on a good work amongst the poorer classes of the town, and in company with her sister, conducted services at the Mission Room, Maiden Row, through which many were led to entertain higher conceptions of life ; and so assisted in the elevation of the human race. She was a true philanthropist, an earnest Christian worker, distinguished by her eminent piety, and in losing her, many sustained a blow of the keenest nature. She

took a deep interest in the opening of the Temperance Refreshment Room at the station, and also in the opening of the Rising Star, Eastgate; and by her strenuous exertions, greatly aided the success of these institutions."

TRULY, "SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH!"

Eight years before her death, Emily had written a paper, containing her last wishes about her little treasures, and at the end of it these words occur:—

"And now I would ask my dear ones to forgive all that I have ever done to vex them, and only to remember that I have loved them all *very* dearly. May God be with you all, and bring each one safe Home to that happy land, on whose shore those who have gone before, will be waiting to welcome you, where there shall be 'no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'

"'Wherefore comfort one another with these words.'

"I should like a simple cross to mark my grave. After the name, &c. (if I endure to the end in the faith, which may God grant), I should like the text, 'Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

“ ‘ Mine is the helpless clinging,
And Thine the victory.’ ”

This wish has been faithfully carried out.

The following verses, written by a brother, will form a fitting conclusion to this short and imperfect sketch. They speak for themselves of the love and esteem in which she was held by her own family. The first verses were written for, and printed at the end of Emily's little book, “ Found on a Doorstep,” which was published soon after her death. The others have not appeared in print before.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE pen hath fallen from the hand ;
The tones that charm'd,—the smile that won,
The brightness from the better land
That play'd upon the face, are gone.

Yea,—much we prize
Too early dies,
And aching hearts are left to weep
O'er what they would, but may not keep.

Yea, much must die ;—yet not the love
That nerved the life, and lit the smile,
And shed the radiance from above
Upon thy heavenward path erewhile ;

When death divides,
Thy love abides,—
For though the hand of death be strong,
Love sings in death her triumph song.

A fragment of the strain, methinks,
Is echoed in this simple tale
Of faith in God that never shrinks,
Of patient love that must prevail ;

Thus, as of yore,
Thy voice once more
Goes forth with power to plead and win,
Amid the dreary haunts of sin.

We may not, would not, pray for thee,—
For blest are they, nor need our prayer,
Who rest in Paradise, and see
What mortal vision could not bear :

The work is done,
The crown is won ;
And we would thank the Lord of Life,
Who kept and brought thee through the strife.

Yet would we pray that God may give
His blessing to these words of thine :
That this, thy legacy, may live
In hearts renew'd and deeds Divine,—

And thus may prove
A seed of love,
That springs to birth, and lives to bloom
In fadeless flowers o'er thy tomb.

IN MEMORIAM.

My sister ! all that in that age-worn word is bound,
All that in God's great purpose it should mean,
All that a brother's heart could crave, in thee was found,
And such to me thy sisterhood hath been.

My sister ! thou art gone, and none can take thy place ;—
And now it must suffice the sorrowing heart,
To gaze upon thy path, thy finish'd path, and trace
The track of light divine to where thou art !

No more thy sunny smile shall light our busy home,—
No more thy merry laugh on earth resound
And wake our hearts to mirth,—no more in days to come
Shall discord in thy tuneful voice be drown'd.

Yet, as the note of mountain horn, a moment lost,
Comes back more faint, but sweeter, from the scar,—
So from the solemn height, from 'mid an angel host,
Thy voice returns to where thy loved ones are.

E'en as the light still lingers when the day is gone,
And promises the day that is to be,—
So shall the presence that we loved still shine upon
The shadow'd path that leads to Christ and thee.

The hymns we sang on earth shall echo in the heart,
Till in the strains of heaven our lips unite ;
And words of faith, illumined by thy sacred art,
Shall point the way till faith be lost in sight.

High thought and purpose true were thy pure legacy ;—
God grant that in our nobler, truer life
May still be seen and loved thy sweet humility,
Thy self-control, thy courage in the strife.

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Perchance thy smile hath cheered some distant star ;—
Or is thy spirit hovering near our darken’d home ?
Where’er thou art, from us thou art not far.

And since we walk by faith, be this our patient prayer,—
Not that thou should’st return, but that our feet,
Kept day by day, and guided by the Father’s care,
May stand at length where all His children meet.

February 1881.

“HER WARFARE IS ACCOMPLISHED.”

—ISA. xl. 2.

LAY him where he fought his last,—
Where he fell in victory,
Where the mighty spirit passed
To Valhalla’s halls on high ;
Here was won the warrior’s crown ;
Here to rest we lay him down.

Be the battle-height his grave !
Peaceful there shall be his sleep ;
Meet it is to lay the brave,
Where the eye may proudly sweep
Leagues of pasture, claim’d and won
With the sword whose work is done.

Here we lay him cold and pale,—
Lay him as he lived and died,
Shrouded in the shirt of mail,
Sword and buckler at his side ;
Here upon the moorland's crest,
Shall the weary Viking rest.

So the child of Hingvar said,—
Said,—and, kneeling by his sire,
Swore to avenge the valiant dead,
Death for death, in blood and fire.
There the fallen chief was laid,—
There the funeral mound they made.

Sister dear, thy form we brought,
Bower'd in gifts that love had wreathed,
Hither, where thy last was fought,
Where the trusty sword was sheathed ;
There we made our sister's grave,
There we laid the soldier brave ;

Brave to run, where duty led,
Brave to ask not what might come,
Brave to stand when we had fled,
Brave to speak when we were dumb,
Brave to face what others fear'd,
Braver as the peril near'd !

Brave, yet gentle too in sooth,—
Gentle as the harmless dove,—
Ever speaking honest truth,
Never speaking save in love ;
Yearning, as the shepherd yearns,
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Brave, yet gentle too in sooth,—
Gentle as the harmless dove,—
Ever speaking honest truth,
Never speaking save in love ;
Yearning, as the shepherd yearns,
Till the scatter'd flock returns.

Brave and gentle, bright and pure,—
Thine the rebel heart to win,
Thine the wandering soul to lure
Back to God from deadly sin ;
Thine the mission, thine the toil,
His the glory and the spoil.

Thine to carry sword and flame
Into realms by sin enslaved,—
Love that burn'd for others' shame,
Sword that smote for God and saved ;
Thine by grace and truth to beat
Foes beneath thy Master's feet.

Sister, we have made thy bed
Here, upon the sea-ward height,
Where, the long year through, are shed
All the earliest beams of light,—
Where the breezes ever sweep
Fresh from heaven o'er them that sleep.

Here we lay thee ; whence the eye
Ranges o'er the field of strife,
Sacred to the memory
Of thy consecrated life,—
Where the strength of love was felt,
Where the foe for mercy knelt.

Sister, who of men shall say,
If thy spirit linger still
Near the tenement of clay
Laid to rest upon the hill ?
Thou art blest ; nor, knowing this,
Ask we what or where thy bliss.

Yet we love to think thee nigh,
As beside thy grave we stand,
Looking down o'er scenes that lie
Far below, where thy dear hand,
Trained by love and strong in faith,
Wrought for God and saved from death.

Fain would we believe thee still
Pleading, winning, as of yore,
Toiling most where human ill
Festers with the foulest sore ;
Guarding where the seed has grown,
Sowing still in fields unsown.

Deep thy peace and pure thy joy,
If, 'mid homes that thou hast bless'd,
Still thou findest high employ,
Still the faithful friend and guest ;—
Working, resting in the LORD,
Restful work thy sweet reward.

Here in sure and certain hope
Sleeps the form we loved so well ;
Here the Cross, that crowns the slope,
Shall in simplest accents tell
Whose the love that made thee brave,
Whence the hope that gilds thy grave.

Here we kneel beneath the Cross,
Bending o'er the fresh-turn'd sod ;
Here we learn our bitter loss,
Here we give thee up to God ;
Here we seek and find in prayer
Faith to wait, and strength to bear.

Here once more in musings fond
Lives the past ; here too we gain
Glimpses of the home beyond,
Free from all that gave thee pain.
Jesu, keep us in thy grace
Till we reach our resting-place.

March 1881.

THE END.

LIST OF BOOKS

BY

EMILY STREATFEILD.

THE RECLAIMED FORTUNE-TELLER.

Third Edition.

"This touching little story of real life, which we have before had occasion to commend, has reached a third edition. We wish for it a yet more extended circulation."—*The Christian*.

"A striking story of what the grace of God can do, written in a simple, natural style, and with the charm of being entirely true."—*Woman's Work*.

JACKSON & PARKER, MARKET PLACE, LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

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AND

OTHER FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

By EMILY STREATFEILD,

AUTHOR OF "THE RECLAIMED FORTUNE-TELLER."

Cloth limp, 6d.

"Those who have been called to experience the bitter sorrow of bereavement will find some comforting suggestions in 'Baby Messengers.'"—*The Christian Age*.

"Good and pleasant reading for those who have but little time at their disposal, on subjects of real importance; and all the more valuable because the incidents recorded are strictly true."—*Woman's Work*.

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FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

By HENRIETTA S. STREATFEILD

AND

EMILY STREATFEILD.

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„ 5.—Bright Jewels in a Strange Setting.
„ 6.—The Son's Return, and What Came of it.

“ ‘Tales from Life’ are admirably suited for Mothers’ Meetings. They are true stories, and are full of practical hints, which all visitors amongst the poor will find very valuable. They contain distinctively evangelical teaching, and several poems are introduced, which greatly add to the interest of the book. We strongly recommend it.”—*Hand and Heart*.

“These are Gospel Temperance Tales, written in a simple graphic manner. They are well adapted to be read at mothers’ meetings, where short and pointed stories are desirable.”—*The Christian*.

TUBBS & BROOK, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LONDON.

FOUND ON A DOORSTEP.

A TRUE STORY.

“ ‘Found on a Doorstep’ is one of those ‘simple annals of the poor,’ which, transcribed by a loving heart and graphic pen, will be read and valued by many. The story was left in MS. by the writer, and is now printed for circulation. We strongly recommend it.”—*Hand and Heart*.

“This narrative was found in MS., the writer having entered into rest, February 8, 1881, and is now sent forth with the prayer that it may be owned of God to bring a message of hope to some weary wanderers on life’s pathway. It is calculated to encourage those who are seeking the lost and helping the fallen.”—*Woman’s Work*.

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F. PITMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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RAYS OF COMFORT FOR DARK DAYS;

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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO MEDICAL MEN.

By H. S. STREATFEILD.

SAFE HOME; or, The Tired Little Lamb.

Sixpence a dozen.

HE IS ABLE.

One Penny.

C. CASWELL, BIRMINGHAM.

POOR JOE; or, The Lost One Found.

Twopence.

"A very interesting, well-written story, illustrating the miseries and helplessness of child life under sore neglect in London, and the power of the gospel message, lovingly brought to little ones."—*Woman's Work.*

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